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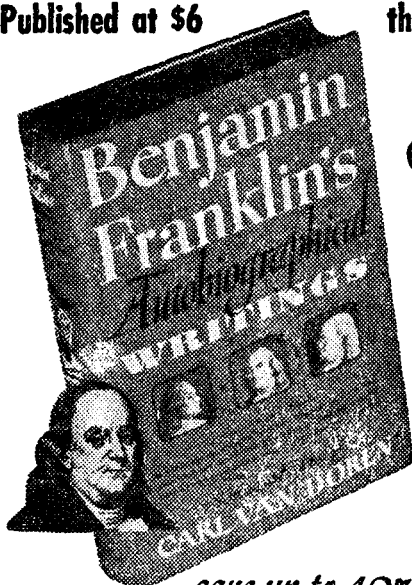
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VOLUME LXVIII

FEBRUARY 1949

NUMBER 302

Communism and the Intellectuals	Sidney Hook	133
Common Sense and the Law	William A. Stern, 2nd	145
Whittaker Chambers Meets the Press		153
Notes of a Retiring Feminist	Doris E. Fleischman (Bernays)	161
Hayes: The Forgotten President	Wenzell Brown	169
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 43	Morris Rosenblum	177
Why the Republicans Lost	Clarence Budington Kelland	178
Six Boys in the Sun, <i>A Poem</i>	Robert P. Tristram Coffin	184
New Facts about Pernicious Anemia	M. L. Zisowitz and E. M. Bennett	185
Waiting, <i>A Poem</i>	Dorothy Waugh	191
THE THEATRE: Mr. Shubert and the Critics	George Jean Nathan	194
Forsaking Hamelin, <i>A Poem</i>	Mary Poole	199
The Puerto Rican Problem	Alida Malkus	200
THE SOAP BOX		209
Making Arson Obsolete	Joseph Fulling Fishman	212
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 44	Louis Jay Herman	217
DOWN TO EARTH: Information Please	Alan Devoe	218
Brother of Wind and Sky, <i>A Poem</i>	Alma Robison Higbee	222
Pacifism and Democracy	George W. Hartmann	223
The Golden Boy, <i>A Poem</i>	Robert Hillyer	229
Phonies of the Old West	Stewart H. Holbrook	230
The Beckoner, <i>A Poem</i>	Joseph Joel Keith	235
THE LIBRARY: Reflections on a Secular Religion	Norman Thomas	236
Unanswered, <i>A Poem</i>	Leslie Nelson Jennings	243
THE CHECK LIST		244
THE OPEN FORUM		249
COVER DRAWING (<i>Whittaker Chambers</i>) by Al Hirschfeld		
DEPARTMENTAL DRAWINGS by Hans Moller		

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AM 2-49

The American Mercury

COMMUNISM AND THE INTELLECTUALS

BY

SIDNEY HOOK

THE enthusiasm generated by the Russian Revolution produced an impressive body of literature in affirmation of the philosophy, program and practices of the Soviet régime. This literature of affirmation was in no way unique (except in volume), for the American and French Revolutions, as well as the national upheavals in Italy and Germany during the nineteenth century, had also given rise to libraries of passionate and interpretive sympathetic studies. But what does seem to be truly unique about the cultural and literary phenomena associated with the Russian Revolution is the literature of disil-

lusionment with which the spiritual Odyssey of so many converts to the Bolshevik faith has terminated, so that they now recognize with Auden:

O Freedom still is far from home
For Moscow is as far as Rome
Or Paris.

This literature of disillusion constitutes a distinct genre of writing in contemporary letters if only because of its international character and the common pattern of rediscovery and rededication to certain values of the Western tradition that had not been so much denied as ignored. Russell, Auden, Spender and Orwell in Eng-

SIDNEY HOOK, chairman of the philosophy department at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of several books, including *The Hero in History* and *Education for Modern Man*, and of numerous articles which have appeared in philosophical journals. Several months ago he attended the international philosophers' congress in Amsterdam.

land; André Gide, Souvarine and Serge in France and Belgium; Ignazio Silone in Italy; Panait Istrati in Greece; Arthur Koestler in Central Europe; Anton Ciliga in the Balkans; Eastman, Dos Passos, Wilson, Hicks and Farrell in the United States are among the more noteworthy figures who have contributed to this literature. The evolution of attitudes in most of these men differs from the apostasies of Wordsworth and Dostoyevsky, whose early revolutionary enthusiasm and doctrines became transformed into their polar opposites. We do not find in their works sentiments comparable to those expressed in Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sketches* or *Devotional Incitements*; and if their writings do not reach the great artistic heights of Dostoyevsky's bitter legend of the *Grand Inquisitor*, neither do they celebrate the central rôle which Dostoyevsky assigned to miracle, mystery and authority in human life.

If we ask what led so many sensitive and generous spirits to ardent, and sometimes sacrificial, support of Soviet Communism, we find a mixture of motives inexplicable in terms of the hedonistic determinism of Bentham or the economic determinism of Marxian orthodoxy. Neither self-interest nor fear nor vanity moved them to break with the conventional pieties and allegiances of the world in which they had been nurtured. In almost equal measure, they were impelled by a revulsion against the dismal spectacle of the postwar West which tottered without faith and with little

hope from one crisis to another, and by an enthusiasm for the ideals of equality and human liberation broadcast in the official decrees and laws of the early Soviet régime. Both the revulsion and enthusiasm were rooted in a moral sensibility whose fibres had been fed from sources deeply imbedded in the traditions of the West. Not one of the neophytes to the Communist faith was conscious of accepting an alien creed, no matter how foreign the idiom in which it was clothed. The words in which one English convert to the Soviet idea describes her road to the Kremlin holds true with minor variations for the entire band of fellow-pilgrims:

I came to Communism *via* Greek history, the French revolutionary literature I had read in childhood, and the English nineteenth-century poets of freedom. . . . In my mind Pericles' funeral oration, Shelley's and Swinburne's poems, Marx's and Lenin's writings, were all part and parcel of the same striving for the emancipation of mankind from oppression. [*Lost Illusion*, by Freda Utley.]

Stephen Spender, another English poet, in an effort to show that there is a continuity between the liberal idealists and philosophical radicals of the past century, on the one hand, and the Communists of the present century, on the other, between Blake, Godwin and J. S. Mill and Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, writes:

I am a Communist because I am a liberal. Liberalism seems to me to be the creed of those who, as far as it is possible in human affairs, are disinterested, if by disinterested-

ness one understands not mere passivity but a regard for objective truth, an active will towards political justice. During an era of peace and progress, the liberal spirit is identical not only with political discussion, but also with scientific inquiry, speculative thought and the disinterested creation of works of art. [*Forward from Liberalism*, 1937.]

What Spender was saying is that he was a Communist because he believed in disinterestedness, objective truth and justice, free political discussion and inquiry, and creative integrity — a cluster of values every one of which, oddly enough, has been vehemently denounced as bourgeois prejudice by the pundits of dialectical materialism.

Compare these strains of rationalism and humanism with the *motifs* in the apologies of those adherents to National Socialism like Rauschnig, Thyssen and Strasser who renounced the Nazi régime. What elements in the Nazi practice and doctrine magnetized *their* minds, emotions and wills? “A national awakening,” “a surface discipline and order,” “a vast display of energy and achievement” whose new tempos and accelerated rhythms lift men out of the “humdrum of daily life” — these are some of the things of which they speak. No ideals continuous with the heritage of either secular or Christian humanism moved these men and their fellows; there was only the pull of the dynamism of power. Here was no attempt to achieve either a revolution from within or a transformation of basic institutions, but, in Rauschnig’s

phrase, “a revolution of nihilism.” Not principle — even mistaken principle — drew them on. They were sucked into the movement by a frenetic national enthusiasm, and a mysticism centered on the person of Hitler. “I looked into his eyes and he into mine; and at that I had only one desire, to be at home and alone with that great, overwhelming experience.” This extravagant outburst, Rauschnig tells us, came not from an hysterical woman “but from a judge in a high position, talking to his colleagues.”

A candid appraisal of the literature of Nazi disillusion shows that it is qualitatively of an entirely different order from that of the erstwhile partisans of the Soviet idea. Those who broke with Hitler did so because their stomachs were not strong enough to assimilate, as a constant diet, the atrocities to which they had originally resigned themselves as incidental and temporary — like Rauschnig; or because their private interests were jeopardized by someone they had thought would be their creature — like Thyssen; or because their personal ambitions were frustrated — like Strasser.

I have contrasted these two types of literature of disillusion to underscore how misleading is the simple equation often drawn between Bolshevism and Nazism. In respect to their repudiation of many features of the democratic process they are, of course, identical; but in respect to the power of the Soviet and Nazi myths to at-

tract the liberal spirits of the West they are vastly different. One need not agree with Toynbee that Russian Bolshevism is a species of Christian heresy to recognize the seductive effect of its use of categories drawn from the Western culture it would destroy. Just as the early Christian used the temples of pagan worship to make the new religion more palatable to peoples whose rulers had been converted, so the ideology of Bolshevism parades with a vocabulary of freedoms and rights freighted with connotations precious to all genuine humanists. That is why it is a more formidable opponent of free cultures than movements openly dedicated to their destruction. It is especially formidable in drawing to itself politically innocent men and women of good will and strong emotions whose minds are unfortified with relevant information, and who have not yet learned that only an intelligence hardened by skepticism is a safeguard against the credulities born of hope.

II

It is worthy of note that most of those who succumbed to the Soviet myth were devoid of political experience. They were led to their first political affair by emotional compulsion rather than by sober computation of the consequences of adopting a given proposal and its alternatives, which constitutes the every-day life of rational politics. Just as the necessity for loving creates its own object, so the necessity for believing selects the

myth that appears best fitted to one's need and hopes. And, given the cultural climate, what seemed more congenial than the Soviet idea, the apparent offspring of moral idealism and scientific law? It not only held out guarantees of fulfillment of their highest hopes but provided a metaphysics to give them cosmic support.

All the great myths of history, from Augustine's *City of God* to Sorel's *General Strike*, have been able to sustain themselves because nowhere could they be exemplified, lived with, tested in terms of their fruits in experience. The Soviet myth of a humane, rationally ordered, classless, democratic society, however, was glorified not as an other-worldly ideal but as an historical fact with a definite locus in space and time. In staking out a claim in history, it subjected not only its power but its intent to the logic of events. We have no way of knowing the actual extent to which those who are native to the Soviet Union believe in the Soviet myth, carefully inculcated as it is in every textbook from the kindergarten to the university, and reinforced by an omnipresent secret police. But we do know, judging by the literature under review, that the first doubts in the minds of the pilgrims from other countries arose when they actually lived in the land of their dreams or pondered on the critical reports of those who had.

Some day a psychologist or poet will do justice to the drama of doubt in the minds of these political be-

lievers. Few individuals ever surrendered their belief in God with more agony, soul-searching and inner resistance than these latter-day apostles of revolutionary brotherhood surrendered their belief in the monolithic validity of the monolithic Soviet system.

It is an elementary truth of the psychology of perception that what a man sees often depends upon his beliefs and expectations. The stronger the beliefs, the more they function like *a priori* notions whose validity is beyond the tests of experience. Hopes can be so all-consuming that they affect even the range and quality of feeling.

It was to be expected that the Western intellectuals who saw the Soviet Union first hand would screen their impressions through the closely knit frame of doctrinal abstractions. It took some time before the cumulative shock of events tore a hole in this frame through which the facts of experience could pour. Only then did the agony of self-doubt begin. With varying details each one tells the same story. Once the evils of the system were recognized as evils, it was hoped they would disappear in time. When they grew worse with time, they were justified as necessary elements of the future good. When this necessity was challenged, the mind dwelt upon worse evils that could be found in other countries. But this provoked two gnawing questions. Were the evils in other countries really worse? And in any case, in the countries they

came from, could not evils be publicly criticized?

The process of disenchantment was all the harder because in the course of their original conversion so much tortured dialectic had been expended in defense of what now seemed to be indefensible. As a rule, it requires more intellectual courage to renounce an illusion than to espouse one. For others are usually involved in such renunciations. These men and women felt a moral responsibility for those, and to those, who had been influenced by their enthusiasms. They knew that they would be showered with abuse, defamed as turncoats, that their former friends would construe the avowal of any doubt as evidence of personal fear or self-seeking—this despite the overwhelming evidence that neither popular favor nor material goods ranked high in their scale of values. They knew they faced loneliness and isolation. Bertrand Russell, the first of this group, and, as one would expect, the quickest to see through the myth, once confessed that he lost more friends by his criticism of Soviet terror than by his absolute pacifism during a war in which his country was locked in a battle of life and death with Germany.

Much graver considerations kept their lips sealed. They shrank in dismay at the prospect that reactionaries would seize upon their criticisms for their own purposes. More important still, a substitute faith to which they could wholeheartedly dedicate themselves was not available to them.

They had lost their belief but not their hunger for belief. The man who cries, "O! Lord I believe. Help thou my *unbelief*," is usually on the way to a belief in which he may find peace, but he into whose soul the more radical acids of *disbelief* have entered can never again find peace in returning to the now-corroded original belief. He has lost his innocence, and in the end can only be useful as a Party functionary.

III

But as excess followed excess in a bloody succession, as intolerance and internal coercion increased in direct proportion to the strength and stability of the Soviet State, they felt compelled to make public their disavowal of their former allegiance. In every case it is clear that the ultimate grounds for their disavowal were the very same moral sentiments which had originally led them to the Kremlin. It was not the State, they discovered, which had withered away, but every vestige of political freedom, and with it all the brave ideals of the heroic period of the October Revolution.

None of the writers of this school could honestly be called sentimental dreamers or utopians. Most of them considered themselves Marxists of a sort. They had been trained to take a long view toward the stern necessities of history. Without swallowing Hegel, they agreed with him that what appears evil is often the negative dialectical moment in a cycle of prog-

ress, or what Toynbee today calls the ever-renewed challenge, necessary for a creative response on a higher level at a later time. They therefore allowed many times over for the blunders and crudities and rough edges of a new social justice.

It is one thing, however, to explain a phenomenon historically; it is another thing to justify it. Where explanation and justification are confused, then whatever is, is right. But if whatever is, is right, condemnation of capitalism and fascism, too, becomes meaningless wherever *they* exist, and the nerve of moral indignation which led to Communism in the first place becomes paralyzed. If history not only raises moral problems but settles them, then Gletkin's train of thought as he argues with Rubashev in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* becomes inescapable. A mistake is a crime; successful might is always right; the weak are *ipso facto* wrong; every lost cause is a bad cause. Such a philosophy may be professed in words but in experience no sensitive human being can consistently act on it. That is why, for all their historical naturalism and scientific determinism, these enthusiasts were compelled to recognize that *not* everything they saw was necessary, and that some things could have been *different*.

What, then, were the specific experiences which led to disenchantment with the Soviet myth? At the outset it must be declared that it was *not* the discovery of the miserable living conditions of the Russian

masses. Although they had been sadly unprepared for what they found—they had read too many extravagant claims made by Soviet partisans abroad—they could at least find reassurance in the promises of future five-year plans. What struck them most forcibly was the *cruelty*, the unnecessary cruelty, which pervaded almost every aspect of Soviet administrative practice.

This cruelty was not sadistic or demonic as in some fascist countries; it was systematic, a matter of State policy, carried out to teach object lessons to those who could not possibly profit by it because they were destroyed in the process. The use of bread as a political weapon had not been unknown in the past, but its calculated withdrawal for purposes of insuring absolute conformity was something new. Similarly the use of correctional labor camps for political prisoners. Ciliga, Serge and others bitterly contrast the conditions in which political prisoners, including Lenin and his lieutenants, lived under the Tsar with the conditions under which those charged with political offences lived under Stalin. And in a nationalized economy under dictatorial controls almost any offence can be regarded as political. Even theft of a handful of grain from a collective farm, moving from one town to another, not to speak of crossing a border without proper papers, are crimes against the State and punishable as such.

This cruelty was manifest not only

in bureaucratic indifference but in official reminders that mercy, charity or pity were evidence of bourgeois decadence. According to our informants there was a total absence of concern for the individual person, an attitude in high official quarters and low which regarded the lives of *human* beings as if they were so much raw material, like iron, coal and scrap, to be consumed in the fires of production in order to swell the figures of output.

Of course bureaucratic indifference to the individual case, to personal need and suffering is not a Soviet phenomenon. In some degree it is found everywhere, as these men well knew. And cruelty, where State interests appear to be genuinely threatened, could be extenuated as a necessity, even if it was harshly and mistakenly conceived. But when it was coupled with wholesale injustice, it became unendurable to those nurtured in Western traditions. Two examples of this injustice, judging by the literature, were found especially outrageous. The first was the charge of “ideological complicity” directed against anyone whose views were similar to an individual believed guilty of any offence against the régime. Thousands were in consequence punished, sometimes by liquidation, for “ideological complicity” in the alleged act of someone they had never known or heard of. The second example, which particularly exercised Koestler, was the practice of holding entire families hostage for the exemplary behavior of its members. One

decree provided that in the case of an individual's flight from the Soviet Union even those members of his family who had no knowledge of his act were to be "deported for five years to the remote regions of Siberia." Such sentences are served in penal work camps and are renewable by administrative decision.

As if to put a doctrinal seal upon these moral outrages and answer the unuttered protests on the lips of sympathizers, the People's Commissar for Justice proclaimed in the official organ of the Soviet régime: "In the opinion of liberals and opportunists of all kinds—the stronger a country is, the more lenient it can be to its opponents. . . . No, and again no! The stronger the country is, the mightier it is . . . the more justified are we in taking stern measures against those who disturb our socialist construction." (*Izvestia*, No. 37, Feb. 12, 1936.) Not long after, *he* was liquidated for not being stern enough. If this was socialist humanism, those who in the name of humanism had fought against such practices in countries under the heel of fascism could not swallow it.

IV

Most of the excesses against which the disillusioned intellectuals of the West protested did not at first concern their own professional fields. They protested as *human beings* against the degradation imposed on other human beings; or as *socialists* against mounting inequalities of power

and position which, in fact, produced new class distinctions; or as *Marxists* against the willful disregard of objective historical conditions, and the blindness to the limits of endurance of human flesh. To all such protests came the reply "reasons of State." Those who received this reply confess that although they could not *see* these "reasons of State," they were puzzled and confused by the retort. After all, there are so many variables in history, the future is so indeterminate, who knows with certainty what is necessary for what?

But there was one kind of persecution for which the excuse "reasons of State" could not be offered with the slightest plausibility. This was the cultural terror which raged in every field of the arts and sciences. All of these Western intellectuals lived in countries in which the slightest attempt to suppress a book or painting or a piece of music was sure to meet with fierce public opposition, even when the censorship was tangential. And at the worst, restrictions affected sales, not one's freedom and not one's life. To undergo the experience of a *total* censorship and control shocked and stunned them. For it was a control not only over what was written but also over what was painted and sung, not only over political thought but over thought in philosophy and science, not only over *what* was created but also over *how* it was created—the style and manner as well as theme and content. Nothing like it had ever existed in the modern world. In mak-

ing art and philosophy a matter for the police, it violated the sense of dignity and authenticity among these writers and artists and thinkers of the West. It also affronted their sense of integrity as craftsmen.

It had been hard enough for them to accept Stalin's description of the intellectual as "an engineer of the human soul." When the engineer was required, however, to build not only to another's specifications but according to technical rules and laws laid down by those who had never undergone the discipline and training of the craftsman, they felt that some kind of atavistic cultural barbarism was being forced upon them. When on top of this, the penalties and sanctions of refusing to knuckle under entailed, because of the State monopoly of all means of publication and communication, the withdrawal of the means of life from the independent thinker and writer and his family, and in stubborn cases, like that of Vavilov, deportation and death, mystification gave way to passionate revulsion.

They were mystified because of the demonstrable uselessness of these cultural purges to the declared objectives of the Soviet régime. What bearing, for example, on any declared social policy was involved in the purge of physicists and astronomers for expressing disbelief in absolute space and time, a corollary of the theory of relativity? Or the condemnation of abstractionism in modern art, romanticism in the novel,

formalism in poetry, and atonality in music? The decrees laid down with the awful authority of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and specifying the correct line in these fields must be read in order to realize how minutely this control extended to the very details of the arts and sciences. Or one could cite the dogmas of "Soviet biology"—a phrase reminiscent of the late unlamented "Nazi biology"—which renders taboo the Mendelian-Morgan theory of gene transmission in favor of Engels' Lamarckian notion, already disproved in his day, concerning the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

Not even this theory has any logical consequences of a political nature. Professor H. J. Muller, the famous American geneticist and Nobel Prize winner, who witnessed at first hand the tragic purge of Russian biologists, has observed that one can just as well argue from the theory of inherited acquired characteristics that the children of the ruling classes, because of the advantages of their environment, become superior types of human beings in comparison with the children of the masses, as that any human being can be transformed by environmental changes into a genius. Needless to say, both inferences are false. In insisting that the truth of a scientific theory had to be judged by its alleged social or political consequences, the Soviet régime, to the amazement of the Western intellectuals, was challenging what had been axiomatic since Galileo's time.

There was another horrible consequence of the operation of the Party line in cultural matters reported by those who observed it. Inasmuch as the line was a function of changing domestic and international conditions, it took sharp turns and shifts. Those who administered the Party decrees often became the victims of subsequent decrees. Since there was a normal risk in any utterance, a greater risk in silence, and even a risk in ferreting out deviations, there resulted a frenzied effort to purchase immunity by professions of orthodoxy, displays of ferocity towards scapegoats, and glorifications of Stalin in language as extravagant as anything that can be found in the sacred literature of Byzantinism. Everyone was caught up in an ever-expanding spiral of adulation and fear. It was this which moved André Gide, who had braved contumely in denouncing Western colonial practices, to write after he returned from the Soviet Union: "I doubt whether in any country of the world, even Hitler's Germany, is thought less free, more bowed down, more terrorized."

There were other elements in the common saga of disenchantment which received varying emphasis in the accounts written by those who had awakened from their dream. Edmund Wilson felt that the apotheosis of Stalin had reached a point at which the Russian people could react to him only neurotically, both on a conscious and unconscious level.

One of the initial impulses which

led these Western intellectuals to accept Communism was a strong feeling of internationalism. They thought of themselves as citizens of the world, dedicated to an ideal of a universal parliament of free peoples. They looked to the Soviet Union as a fortress of a world movement to achieve this ideal. But when they saw that the road to power in Russia was imposed as a pattern for every other country they were disturbed. When they realized that socialist movements elsewhere were regarded as expendable border guards of the Soviet Union, active doubt set in. When, finally, cultural signs multiplied on all sides of aggressive Russian nationalism and pan-Slavism, when even Ivan, the Terrible, and Peter, the Great, were venerated as precursors of national Bolshevism, they felt themselves once more spiritual aliens. And with this they experienced a new resurgence of kinship with the West and their own countries, which until now they had seen only through a thick ideological fog.

The decay of faith led rapidly to two discoveries. One was that the rough economic equality which both Marx and Lenin assumed as a principle of socialist distribution was as far distant in the Soviet Union—in some respects even farther away—than in the countries of the middle way. The other was a nausea, more acute for being so long delayed, at the falsity of Soviet propaganda, its employment of semantic corruption as a weapon, illustrated, *e.g.*, in the use

of the term democracy for a system in which expression of dissent was a grave penal offence.

v

It would be inappropriate to conclude this survey of political disillusionment without some evaluation of the weaknesses in the outlook of these Western intellectuals which contributed to their tragic self-deception. Even granting the partial truth of their plea that it was not so much *they* who changed as the Soviet system, it still remains undeniable that they were at fault in not conceiving the possibilities of change. But much more than this can be said in criticism. Even when all allowances are made for human fallibility, their responsibility for their own illusions remains heavy.

First, they looked to politics for something politics alone can never bring to the life of men—that absolute certainty, that emotional “sumptuousness of security,” to use James’ phrase, which, if attainable at all, can be most easily reached through a revealed religion they had properly rejected. In identifying themselves with those in the seats of power, they abdicated their true functions as intellectuals—to be the critical conscience of the smug and contented; and to fulfill their mission as the creatively possessed, the eternal questers after truth under all conditions. There is no loyalty to any community or State or party or church which absolves the individual from loyalty to himself. Whatever good the “sav-

ing remnant” can bring to the world, it must at least save the purity of the enkindling flame which by accident of natural grace burns within them.

Second, in their zeal for salvation by total political faith, they forgot that politics is always made by men, and that no doctrine or institution is a safeguard against its own abuses. They were doomed to be disillusioned because they forgot that no social change can make gods or even angels out of men, that to be human is to be tempted, and that no one can be forever tempted without erring.

Third, they made the mistake of all the typically *religieuse* of forgetting that in the affairs of *this* world, at least, faith can never be a substitute for intelligence. The transformation of the economic order is not a single problem that can be settled by fiat, poetic or philosophical. It is a series of problems, all very difficult, requiring prolonged study, in the absence of which a talent with paint or words or tones is not a sufficient qualification. They were immature in imagining that the field of economic behavior, from which as a youth, the great physicist, Planck had withdrawn because of its difficulty, could be stormed with weapons of moral indignation.

Fourth, they had abandoned too soon their own heritage of political democracy. They grossly underestimated the power of the self-corrective procedures of democracy to remedy, and perhaps to remove, the major economic disabilities and injustices of our age. Intent upon viewing every-

thing *else* in historical perspective, they refused to take an historical perspective to Western democracy, and to observe the substantial progress that had been made since the time Marx described the pitiful conditions of the English proletariat in *Capital*, a book so sacred to most of them that they never read it. They failed to see that so long as the processes of political democracy remained intact, it was possible to carry the moral imperatives of the democratic way of life just as far as our courage, effort and powers of persuasion reached.

Fifth, they did not understand the genuine sense in which the social problem is a moral problem, *i.e.*, that no social institution or system is an end in itself but a means for realizing the primary value of security, freedom, justice, knowledge and kindness. Since the world is just as much a consequence of the means we use as of the end we profess, the end that actually comes to be depends upon the moral qualities of the means used. They had often heard that the end justifies the means but they never stopped to examine the evidence, in order to see whether the means used were *actually* bringing the end-in-view closer or pushing it farther away.

Whatever the responsibility of these writers for their own illusions, the record of their disillusionment is a record of growing intellectual and emotional maturity. No one has a right to be censorious of them, and least of all those who complacently

accept any social change, whose emotions of sympathy for their fellow-men are never engaged, and who leave all the risks of thought and action to others. The very existence of this literature is a challenge to subsequent generations of writers who feel called to enlist themselves as foot-soldiers in a political crusade. We should be grateful to them for providing texts not only in the costs of human folly but in the grandeur of human faith and humility.

So long as there are human beings there will always be ideals and illusions. They cannot be foresworn. But this literature demonstrates that good sense in the quest for the good life in the good society depends not so much on *what* ideals are held as on *how* they are held; not so much on the nature of our beliefs as on the methods by which they are reached.

Underlying all other differences among human beings is the difference between the absolutist and the experimental temper of mind. The first converts its unreflective prejudices into first principles, and its shifting certitudes into a fanaticism of virtue which closes the gates of mercy against all who disagree. The second, although resolute in action, knows that finality of judgment is not possible to men, and is therefore prepared to review the evidence on which it stakes its ultimate commitments. It is this willingness to reconsider first principles in the light of relevant evidence and other alternatives which is the sign of the liberal and mature mind.

COMMON SENSE AND THE LAW

BY WILLIAM A. STERN, 2ND

IN THE sense of a fixed body of rules which, correctly interpreted, should bring about a single outcome to any matter coming before a court, there is no law. Despite lawyers' verbiage and judges' solemn obeisances to precedent, practically all lawsuits are decided on the basis of judges' and juries' simple convictions of what is right and what is wrong; moral sentiments lie between the lines of the most learned, long-winded decisions. Far from creating confusion, this essentially ethical approach affords greater assurance of justice than could a collection of black or white pronouncements generally considered to be The Law.

Seldom, of course, does a court frankly state in an opinion that in the light of the facts no other outcome would be just; the myth of The Law is maintained, and prior decisions are cited as supporting authority. It does not seem to matter that a precedent may not be to the point, or that more apposite precedents would bring about a different result. Far-fetched analogies and devious reasoning can ac-

complish wonders in justifying an opinion apparently based on established rules but actually on plain horse sense.

Rarely, too, do lawyers admit what the ablest of them really try to do: present the facts so the tribunal will be convinced their clients are in the right. Once a Court reaches this conclusion, it is unimportant what precedent is cited, for even a dubious one will be welcomed. Since tons of tomes of law reports contain decisions, many contradictory, on nearly every question, finding appropriate precedents is the least of a lawyer's job.

If my law school made any attempt to teach this fundamental of applied law, that decisions go to the parties who present the most convincing factual demonstration of the rightness of their causes, it must have been on a day I was absent. I was assigned case after case to study, and though I found many whose principles conflicted, I was always given the idea that one case expressed the true law while its opposite was not the law. Had all these cases been in different

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jurisdictions it would have been easy to understand why they were so divergent, but for almost any decision it was possible to find a conflicting one in the same state. It then became part of my duty as a law student to "distinguish" cases; that is, to learn why the facts in one made it unnecessary to follow the principle laid down in another apparently similar. Though distinctions were usually without substantial difference, I managed to learn my hair-splitting well enough to be admitted to the bar.

Then bewilderment really struck me. The courts seemed to be all wrong. Juries would not follow the law and judges acted as though they had never gone to law school. Matters on which I had confidently advised clients, after careful research, went in the opposite direction in court. Other suits, which I won, according to the books should have been lost.

II

Today, after a quarter of a century of experience in the courts, I am a wiser man but by no means sadder. I have found out that law, as actually, not theoretically, practiced in these United States, embodies the will of living people, not of those long buried; that it comes closer to what is in today's newspapers than what is in moldering pages on law library shelves; that facts are strong and technicalities weak. Above all, more often than not, an innate sense of justice triumphs over legalistic obfuscation.

From the beginning, American jurists, though they always headed straight into the letter of the law, usually came out with decisions in the spirit of a self-willed, individualistic people. For instance, John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court in the years 1801-1835, consistently acted in accordance with his firm Federalist, anti-states'-rights outlook. He upheld the Supreme Court as final interpreter of the Constitution, restricted the power of a state legislature to impair the obligation of a contract, denied the power of a state to tax a national bank and freed interstate commerce from state interference. His successor, Roger Brooke Taney, with equal sincerity and conviction acted along quite different lines. He held that a state which authorized a free bridge competing with a previously chartered toll bridge did not impair the obligation of a contract. Without disputing Marshall's opinion that a charter is a contract, he proceeded as he, a Democrat and states'-rights advocate, thought right. Since nowhere in the toll bridge charter had it been stated there would be a monopoly, he held there was no impairment. Thus, by the typical fillip of "distinguishing," in order to strike a blow against monopoly he justified a state's destruction of a contract's benefits.

In the *Dred Scott* case, Taney's propensities showed up even more clearly. The facts were simple enough. Scott, a slave, had been taken into territory where slavery was forbidden

by the Federal statute known as the Missouri Compromise. Upon being returned to slave territory, he sued for his freedom on the ground that he had been in free territory. The first part of Taney's decision was simple, too; Dred Scott, he said, because he was a Negro and had never been made a citizen, was not entitled to sue in a Federal court. Though this clearly decided the case Taney did not stop here. For the first time since Marshall had proclaimed the power of the Supreme Court to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress, 54 years before, the principle was exhumed. Scott had never been free, Taney maintained, because Congress had no power to forbid slavery in the territories and therefore the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional. This wide excursion beyond the immediate grounds of the lawsuit was, of course, accompanied by elaborate ratiocinations and many solemn references to the Constitution.

At the beginning of the disturbed period immediately following the Civil War, finance and industry had markedly diverse views about how best to get the country out of financial chaos. So did Supreme Court judges. Within a year, the identical Legal Tender Act was declared unconstitutional by a four to three decision and — in an enlarged Court — constitutional by a vote of five against the original majority of four.

During the 1870s, the Court several times approved state regulation of business when protection of citi-

zens' health and welfare was involved. This pathway for social gains had been followed only a short time when with booming industry the nation embraced the doctrine of laissez-faire in a kind of religious fervor. In 1905 a New York statute prohibiting employment in bakeries more than ten hours a day was declared unconstitutional. The statute was termed "a meddlesome interference"; the right to purchase or sell labor was part of the liberty of the individual guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment and the New York law was, therefore, unconstitutional. The usual genuflection, of course, was made to precedent. The Court piously agreed that a state could act to protect health. But the spirit of this law was "deplorable." It had only the remotest connection with the protection of health; its primary motive was to regulate hours of labor and "it might seriously cripple the ability of the laborer to support himself and his family."

Until the disillusionment of the Great Depression, almost unanimous national faith in laissez-faire continued. A District of Columbia minimum wage law for women was invalidated in the case of *Adkins v. Children's Hospital*.

Meanwhile, a more liberal though still minority trend in social thinking was being expressed in the dissenting opinions of Justices Holmes, Stone and Brandeis. By the time the New Deal came into power with the overwhelming support of the voters,

enough members of the Supreme Court were sensitive to the country's desperation to find a way to sanction measures that upset a long line of prior decisions. Minnesota passed an act giving mortgagors two years in which to redeem their property from foreclosure, where they had had only one before. As dissenting Justice Sutherland correctly pointed out, the constitutional clause prohibiting a state to pass a law impairing the obligations of a contract had as its object the prevention of just such a statute; nevertheless, by a five to four vote, it was upheld. Although Minnesota farmers were on the verge of revolution, Chief Justice Hughes, who gave the majority opinion, carefully disclaimed any emergency power of the Supreme Court. But with the beautiful illogic of men who must find legal reasons for doing what they feel is morally right, he went on to save the distressed farmers by saying, "while emergency does not create power, emergency may furnish the occasion for the exercise of power."

Even more striking evidence that necessity is the mother of decision were the 1935 *Gold Cases*. The amount of gold in a dollar had been decreased by about 40 per cent, currency was no longer redeemable in gold, and we were not permitted to have any gold coin or certificates. Yet holders of government or other gold bonds had been promised payment in gold coin of the value it had at the time the obligation was incurred. Plaintiff creditors realized

they could not now be paid in gold; but they did demand equivalent value in the now devalued dollars.

The Court was faced with a poser. The debtors' promises were clearly worded, but if keeping them was insisted upon, \$1.69 for every dollar borrowed would have had to be paid by all gold debtors and our whole credit system would have collapsed. It was relatively simple for the Court to find a way out for private debtors by holding that the gold clauses in their contracts infringed upon the constitutional power of Congress to fix the value of money and were therefore invalid. To rescue the government from meeting its gold obligations in old-value dollars took a deal more legalistic wriggling. The majority opinion unequivocally stated that Congress could not repudiate its own obligations; of course the plaintiffs were entitled to receive exactly what the government had promised to pay them! But — and it was a big but — plaintiffs could not recover because they had suffered no damage. This conclusion was reached *via* mental acrobatics to the effect that if plaintiffs were paid in gold coin they would immediately have to surrender it in exchange for present value dollars.

A rare instance when precedent was unabashedly overruled occurred in *West Coast Hotel Co. v. Parrish*, 1936. The issue, the validity of a state of Washington minimum wage law, was identical with the one in *Adkins v. Children's Hospital* thirteen years be-

fore. Mrs. Parrish's attorney, who wanted the law upheld, diligently attempted to differentiate between it and the invalidated District of Columbia law. The Court said frankly there was no difference between them, but held that the Adkins decision had been incorrect. It approved the Washington statute.

In 1941 the Court approved Federal regulation of child labor, which it had disapproved in 1918. Altogether, the long record of Supreme Court decisions shows hundreds of contradictory opinions which are not only the expressions of its justices' personal beliefs, but also the history of the social and economic thinking of the people.

III

As jurors, the people have more immediate opportunity to apply their conceptions of right and wrong. Juries are supposed to evaluate testimony and determine what are the true facts; then to take the law, as explained in the judge's instructions, apply it to those facts, and bring in a general verdict such as "Not guilty" or "Plaintiff should recover \$5000."

From the beginning, as now, judges and lawyers tended to mistrust juries: laymen without benefit of knowledge of precedent, all too likely to be swayed by sentiment and prejudice, incapable of understanding complex issues. And so rules of evidence were laid down as safeguards against common men's fallibility. Today, though these rules have been considerably relaxed, and

their application is much more at the discretion of the judge, we still go through some of the futile motions of building a formal framework proof against human reactions.

Judges' instructions to juries are less an attempt to prevent mistakes in judging the facts than one to ensure decisions in accordance with legal principles. But it makes little difference whether the instructions are correct — in the sense that they will not be reversed by an appellate court — or incorrect; regardless of what the judge tells them, jurymen come to their own conclusions. I remember one New York suit on a very harsh contract. In that jurisdiction, as in most, mailing the acceptance of an offer constitutes a contract and the only issue in this case was whether the plaintiff had actually mailed a letter. Carefully the judge instructed the jury that if they found plaintiff had placed a stamped, properly addressed letter in the mail a contract had been executed and plaintiff was entitled to recover; but if they found that the letter had not been mailed, no contract existed and they should bring in a verdict for the defendant. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant and as the proof of the mailing had seemed much stronger to me than the doubts defendant had attempted to cast on it, I asked one of the jurors whether he really thought plaintiff was lying when he testified he had personally put the letter in a post office mailing slot. The juror answered, "No, none of us thought he

lied. I guess he mailed the letter all right, but we wouldn't bring in a verdict for that bloodsucker."

To the great majority of my colleagues such typical disregard of instructions is appalling. Many, indeed, think juries should be abolished because of their unaccountable verdicts. Jurymen, like robed judges, bring their ideas of justice with them into the courtroom and, with a remarkable consistency that one has to be trained in the law to find inconsistent, fit their picture of the facts into these.

Surely it is more than coincidence that in the majority of retrials verdicts go to the same parties favored in the original trials; evidently there is method in the madness of which juries are accused. What is more, since in most states verdicts must be unanimous, agreement by twelve individuals must have some common basis. And what is more common than the ideas of right and wrong shared by people living under the same mores?

Henry Weihofen, in an article on Colorado state hospital examinations of criminal defendants before trial, gives some striking illustrations of the way juries act as they think is for the best. In 37 out of 42 cases where insanity was a defense, juries accepted the diagnoses made by state hospital officials. In the five cases where they refused to follow the recommendations of the hospital they had their own reasons for the verdicts. In a case of rape against an infant, diagnosis was "psychosis with mental deficiency," but the plea of insanity

was disregarded because the community was very bitter. A woman who had murdered her husband's mistress was found sane by the doctors, but not by the jurors, who shared the whole community's sympathy for her; and so, apparently, did the judge, for after the verdict of insanity he did not commit her. Also found insane by the jury, against hospital diagnosis, was the murderer of a brutal deputy sheriff; "it was common gossip that the community was benefited by the act," Weihofen notes. The perpetrator of a peculiarly savage murder was found guilty, and hanged, despite a diagnosis of "dementia praecox, paranoid type." An embezzler, diagnosed as having "psychosis, with cerebral arteriosclerosis" was nevertheless convicted: his criminal career had started before he was insane.

Not only will juries ignore instructions and facts but even statutes repugnant to their idea of what should be. There is, for example, the attitude of New York juries toward the crime of adultery. Annually, in their state, at least 10,000 divorces are granted, and as the sole ground for divorce is adultery, that means at least 20,000 criminal acts. Until recently, however, few indictments for adultery were ever attempted because it was practically impossible to get a jury to give a verdict of "guilty." And it seems hardly necessary to recall how in prohibition days juries in wet communities refused to convict unmistakable violators of the Volstead Act.

It is because of, not in spite of, the kind of standards for judgment jurors use that I believe the jury system works, and works well. Juries are a cross-section of the population, the community in microcosm, and they therefore reflect the mores. If the jury system is a failure, so is democracy.

Judges in lower courts are not quite as free as either juries or Supreme Court judges to follow their own lights, because their decisions are subject to possible reversal by appellate courts; but by and large, they too — amply fortifying themselves with citations of authorities — adapt facts and principles to what they believe the desirable result. To a certain extent, they and appellate judges share with juries the responsibility for verdicts. They can, and according to the rules should, set verdicts aside when these are “against the weight of the credible evidence.” That this is seldom done is one more indication of the homogeneity of our ethics.

In my opinion any intelligent twelve-year-old, given a set of facts within his comprehension, is likely to decide upon them in the same way as the most learned judge. When I said this to one of my colleagues, he acted so appalled at this lese majesty to our profession that, as an experiment, I drew up fifteen problems involving legal principles upon which all courts agree, and had them presented to a group of average youngsters aged ten to twelve. “You promise a man to mow his lawn free of charge,” read

one. “You fail to keep your promise. If the man has to pay someone else to mow the lawn, will a court make you pay him what it cost him?” Correctly, the children answered “no,” although they had never heard of the legal argument that a binding promise requires a consideration to support it. Another problem read: “Because of illness, a tenant has no money to pay his landlord. Will a court permit the landlord to evict him?” They correctly answered, “Yes,” though some of them added “but somebody ought to take care of the sick man.” Despite the familiar childish expression, “Finders keepers” the answer was also “Yes” to “You find a gold watch in the street. The owner discovers you wearing it a few weeks later. Will a court make you return it to him?” This, too, was in accordance with the law books: title is not divested by loss. Altogether, in all but two of the questions — and these I mistakenly based on matters outside youngsters’ immediate experience — the children’s consensus tallied with accepted legal principles.

IV

Much of what I have said is counter to the writings of great jurists and legal philosophers, but inasmuch as they disagree among themselves I feel less trepidation at voicing what, to most of my colleagues, will be heresy. I must, however, acknowledge a debt to the writings of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Justice Benjamin Cardozo, Justice Harlan Fiske Stone,

Rudolf von Jhering, Munroe Smith, Arthur L. Goodhart, Dean Roscoe Pound, Judge Jerome Frank and others. Many of their ideas have been the springboard for my jumping to my own conclusions. In affirming that our juridical system is flexible, personal, subject to the influence of public opinion and not fixed to the past, I am not alone; in my conviction that this is a good thing, I may be.

I must not give the impression that I think our way of administering justice is without its sore spots. Wherever a judge is given the sole decision, his personality and his conditioning must, to a certain extent, affect his viewpoint and hence his decisions. Certainly occasional miscarriages of justice occur when a judge, because of disposition or bigotry, departs from the mores, but not nearly as often, I believe, as the "What did the judge have for breakfast?" school thinks. Again, justice may be thwarted by sectional preju-

dices. Or a flare-up of public indignation against an individual, a nationality or a race or the holder of certain political and economic views may adversely affect judgment. Or, as in the Dred Scott case, when partisan passions are rampant, a decision is bound to seem wrong to a large part of the people.

The great majority of decisions, however, seem fair, because they meet general approval — or, I could put it, they meet general approval because they seem fair. The people know little and care less about The Law, but they do care about justice; and whenever they are aroused to injustice, they effect a change through legislation forcing the reinterpretation of decisions, or war. It is the saving grace of our juridical system that the weasel words, the Latinisms and citations which clutter decisions are mere window dressing for fundamental promptings of conscience. Its glory is that that conscience is as sound as the nation's.



WHITTAKER CHAMBERS MEETS THE PRESS

The Chambers-Hiss case has become a cause célèbre in the history of American politics as well as of international espionage, and the trial of Alger Hiss is sure to be followed carefully by millions of Americans, and doubtless also by foreign diplomats. It is very likely, however, that the case never would have reached its present climax were it not for a broadcast by Whittaker Chambers over Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System, in association with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. In that broadcast, outside the protection of the immunity granted witnesses before Congressional committees, Mr. Chambers, in answer to a challenge, did repeat the charge that Mr. Hiss was at one time a member of the Communist Party, which the latter had persistently denied. Shortly afterward Mr. Hiss sued Mr. Chambers for slander and libel, and it was during the pre-trial hearings in connection with that suit that Mr. Chambers revealed the existence of the now celebrated "pumpkin" microfilms of secret State Department dispatches that Mr. Chambers alleges were transmitted to him by Mr. Hiss. The latter's denial before a Federal grand jury that he transmitted these documents to Mr. Chambers formed, in large part, the basis of his indictment for perjury. Mr. Chambers' broadcast over Meet the Press thus to a great extent precipitated the case. It is here presented, with slight cuts, as a document of public interest.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Mr. Chambers, included Tom Reynolds of the Chicago Sun-Times, Nat Finney of Cowles Publications; Edward Folliard of the Washington Post; and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. The press conference was presided over by James B. Reston of the New York Times.

FOLLIARD: Mr. Chambers, in the hearings on Capitol Hill you said over and over again that you served in the Communist Party

with Alger Hiss. Your remarks down there were privileged; that is to say, you were protected from lawsuits. Hiss has now challenged you to make the same charge publicly. He says if you do he will test your veracity by filing a suit for slander or libel. Are you willing to say now that Alger Hiss is or ever was a Communist?

CHAMBERS: Alger Hiss was a Communist and may be now.

REYNOLDS: As I understand it, you were interrogated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on several

occasions, independently of the investigations of the Committee. Is that true?

CHAMBERS: That is true, Mr. Reynolds.

REYNOLDS: I presume you gave the FBI a full report of your observations as a Communist and as an ex-Communist.

CHAMBERS: As full as possible.

REYNOLDS: Have you delivered anything to the Congressional Committee that has not been given to the FBI?

CHAMBERS: No, I do not think so.

REYNOLDS: Are you surprised that the charges, which must have been made to the FBI some time ago, are now sensationalized?

CHAMBERS: No, I am not particularly surprised. The foreign political situation has become such that the fight against Communism in the United States was inevitable and has now reached a stage commensurate with the general situation.

REYNOLDS: The Committee before which you have been testifying has made an issue in several cases as to whether a man was a Communist or not. Are you willing to tell your party affiliations? Are you a Democrat or a Republican now that you have left the Communist Party?

CHAMBERS: I am not affiliated officially with any party.

REYNOLDS: Are you aware of the possibility that the material you gave the FBI some time ago is now going to be quite useful, presumably, to the Republicans?

CHAMBERS: I am wholly and solely interested in eradicating Communism in the United States.

REYNOLDS: How long has it been since you first gave your data to the FBI?

CHAMBERS: I first turned over the information at my disposal to Mr. A. A. Berle, who was then Assistant Secretary of State. That was in 1939. In about 1945, I should think, the FBI asked me several questions, and I repeated to them the same story.

REYNOLDS: Is it true that you were interrogated on perhaps three or four occasions by the FBI?

CHAMBERS: On at least three or four occasions.

REYNOLDS: But you are convinced that nothing that has been testified on the Hill since this became a *cause célèbre* in the newspapers could have come as a surprise to the FBI?

CHAMBERS: I don't think so.

SPIVAK: Mr. Chambers, you were a member of the Communist Party for some thirteen or fourteen years, isn't that true?

CHAMBERS: That is true.

SPIVAK: What made you break? Was there something special, something specific, or was it an evolutionary process?

CHAMBERS: The reasons for breaking with Communism are complicated, both historically and personally. I had considered that Communism had proved itself a failure. Russia is the great example of applied Communism. It seemed to me that the

Russian State was not a Communist State but had become a dictatorship of a Party rather than a dictatorship of a class; that it was, in fact, very close to the fascist dictatorships.

SPIVAK: Was your awakening a slow awakening or was there some specific thing that happened that made you realize the mistake you had made by being a member of the Party and working for it as you had in the underground?

CHAMBERS: Dostoyevsky said in the 1860s that the problem of socialism is not the problem of economics, as is generally assumed; it is the problem of religion, the problem of atheism. When the religious problem intrudes itself on the Communist mind, one can no longer be a Communist. That is what happened to me.

SPIVAK: Did you join a church; I mean, did you turn to religion at that time?

CHAMBERS: I turned to religion during my break with the Communist Party, and I have since become a member of a church.

SPIVAK: Did you feel any obligation toward your country to see that some of the things that had been happening would no longer happen?

CHAMBERS: Such an obligation is implied. Of course.

FINNEY: I thought you left it a little unclear as to whether you are certain in your mind if Alger Hiss is now a member of the Communist Party or not.

CHAMBERS: I would not presume to say whether Mr. Hiss now is or is not a member of the Party.

FINNEY: Do you mean to say that you have not made a check whether he, as you, has recanted?

CHAMBERS: I have no possibility of making such a check. The House Committee on Un-American Activities subpoenaed me to tell what I knew about the Communist Party at the time Mr. Hiss was a member. I have testified to that. I have not presumed to testify what he is now.

REYNOLDS: Mr. Chambers, do you find it easier to make a living now than when you were a member of the Communist Party?

CHAMBERS: I gave no thought to the question of making a living while I was a Communist.

REYNOLDS: Do you find it easier to make a living now that you have left the Party?

CHAMBERS: I have no difficulty in making a living.

FOLLIARD: You told Mr. Spivak why you quit the Communist Party. I would like to know why you joined in the beginning.

CHAMBERS: Well, I testified a few days ago on that same question. It is a very complicated question. Among the factors, certainly, was a trip I took to Germany, to Europe, shortly after World War I. At that time I found Germany in chaos, northern France practically destroyed, much of Belgium in the same condition, armies occupying the Rhineland, people generally

desperate. It seemed to me, then, that Western Civilization had reached a crisis which it could not solve along any lines known to me, and I began to look for new lines. In that mood I began to read Marx and Lenin.

SPIVAK: Mr. Chambers, you left the Party, I believe, about 1937 or 1938.

CHAMBERS: In the early months of 1938.

SPIVAK: You tried to get Mr. Hiss to come along with you, as I remember your testimony.

CHAMBERS: That is true.

SPIVAK: But he, according to your testimony, refused. Now, during the last eleven years, very important years in the life of our country and the world, Mr. Hiss has held some very strategic and important positions. Why did you wait eleven years before the information you had was brought before the country?

CHAMBERS: As I have said, Mr. Spivak, I had already been to the properly constituted government agencies with that information. It was scarcely up to me to bring them out into the open.

REYNOLDS: In that respect, sir, why did you go to A. A. Berle rather than to the more properly constituted authority? Obviously he was not an authority as an Assistant Secretary of State at that time. Why didn't you go to the FBI?

CHAMBERS: Mr. Reynolds, it seemed to me that the people involved and the areas of government involved

were so important that no one less than the President should first have this information. I, therefore, sought to have it brought before President Roosevelt.

REYNOLDS: Are you implying that the FBI would not bring before the President of the United States a matter of such moment as the possible treason of an important State Department official?

CHAMBERS: I am only saying what my thought was at that time.

SPIVAK: Mr. Chambers, when you joined the Communist Party, did you take any kind of special oath?

CHAMBERS: I took no special oath.

SPIVAK: Doesn't a member who joins the Party, especially someone who becomes an underground member, or agent, take any oath to the Party?

CHAMBERS: I was in the Communist Party a number of years before I even dreamed of the underground, and such a person does not take an oath. There is no oath on joining the Communist Party.

SPIVAK: When you became a member of the underground did you take any oath?

CHAMBERS: No, I took no oath.

SPIVAK: In your judgment, can a man be a loyal American citizen and a member of the Communist Party?

CHAMBERS: It is quite impossible.

SPIVAK: Why do you say that?

CHAMBERS: The Communist Party exists for the purpose of overthrowing whatever government exists under it.

REYNOLDS: Mr. Chambers, did you appraise the weight of that conclusion at the time you became a Communist, that you no longer could be a loyal American citizen?

CHAMBERS: The question there is a question of nationalism versus internationalism. Communists are dedicated to internationalism. Every member who joins the Communist Party should know that, and most of them do know it.

REYNOLDS: But you had concluded that you no longer would be a loyal American citizen when you became a card-carrying member?

CHAMBERS: Every Communist does.

REYNOLDS: I believe you have been quoted as saying that the Communists will ultimately win. Do you still feel that way about it?

CHAMBERS: No. I thought back in 1938, when I was breaking, that they probably would win. I think that now they probably will not.

REYNOLDS: What is the key thing that will cause them to lose, in your estimation?

CHAMBERS: The Russian attitude, the Russian behavior in Europe, the fact that Communism has obviously failed in Russia.

SPIVAK: Mr. Chambers, the Communists you have known when you yourself were a member of the Party may not have taken an oath, but did they ever hesitate to lie or to cheat in the interest of the Party?

CHAMBERS: No so-called developed Communist would hesitate to do that.

SPIVAK: One of the questions in the minds of the American public today is this: A Communist is known to be a liar. What reason can you give them for believing your story today as an ex-Communist or as a reformed Communist?

CHAMBERS: I can simply try to produce facts which will on investigation stand up.

REYNOLDS: As a professional newspaperman, Mr. Chambers, I have some curiosity about one matter. As I recall it, you were foreign editor of *Time* magazine during the war.

CHAMBERS: I was.

REYNOLDS: The correspondents for foreign news around the State Department had as one of their better sources Alger Hiss. I am quite sure that is true, because I was told at times he talked in confidence to them. Did you use material from Alger Hiss in *Time* magazine during the war years when you were foreign editor?

CHAMBERS: Not to my knowledge.

REYNOLDS: Not to your knowledge? How could you escape that knowledge if the memorandum came in marked "from Alger Hiss"?

CHAMBERS: I recall no such memorandum.

FOLLIARD: Mr. Chambers, to go back to that opening question, you accepted Alger Hiss' challenge and publicly said that he had been at least a member of the Communist Party. Does that mean that you are now prepared to go into Court

and answer to a suit for slander or libel?

CHAMBERS: I do not think Mr. Hiss will sue me for slander or libel.

REYNOLDS: Would you charge Alger Hiss with an overt act as a Communist, as you said he was? Did Alger Hiss at any time, to your knowledge, do anything that was treasonable or beyond the law of the United States? That, I believe, brings you the opportunity to accept the Hiss challenge.

CHAMBERS: Whether or not it brings me the opportunity to accept the Hiss challenge, I am quite unprepared to say whether he did or did not. I am not familiar with the laws of treason.

SPIVAK: Mr. Chambers, did you ever have anything to do with the Nye Committee, or did you work on any members of the Nye Committee when you were a member of the Communist Party? You remember the Nye Committee was operating in 1934, and Mr. Hiss himself was one of its counsels.

CHAMBERS: Except for Mr. Hiss, Mr. Spivak, I don't believe I knew any members of the Nye Committee.

SPIVAK: Was the Communist Party interested at that time in the Nye Committee and in the actions of the Nye Committee?

CHAMBERS: The Communist Party was interested in the Nye Committee because it was exposing, or pretending to expose, the so-called munitions industry.

SPIVAK: Was Mr. Hiss in there in the

interest of the Communist Party? Did they have anything to do with his getting onto the Committee, or was that accidental?

CHAMBERS: The Communist Party was very much interested in his getting on that Committee.

REYNOLDS: Are you prepared at this time to say that Alger Hiss was anything more than, in your opinion, a Communist? Did he do anything wrong? Did he commit any overt act? Has he been disloyal to his country?

CHAMBERS: I am only prepared at this time to say he was a Communist.

REYNOLDS: It seems to me, then, sir, if I may say so, that in some respects this may be a tempest in a teapot. You say that he was a Communist, but will not accuse him of any act that is disloyal to the United States.

CHAMBERS: I am not prepared legally to make that charge. My whole interest in this business has been to show that Mr. Hiss was a Communist.

REYNOLDS: Would you be prepared, for instance, to put on the record the testimony that you gave during the three or four or five interrogations by the FBI?

CHAMBERS: The gist of that testimony is already on the record in the Un-American Committee.

REYNOLDS: I am not interested in the gist. But I presume that there were assertions that overt acts were committed. Are you willing to put on the record, so that it can be tested

in Courts under the laws of evidence, that this man did something wrong?

CHAMBERS: I think that what needs clarification is the purpose for which that group was set up to which Mr. Hiss belonged. That was a group, not, as I think is in the back of your mind, for the purpose of espionage, but for the purpose of infiltrating the government and influencing government policy by getting Communists in key places.

FINNEY: It was not, then, by definition, conspiracy?

CHAMBERS: No, it was not.

SPIVAK: Mr. Chambers, when you were a member of the underground, was there anything of particular importance or significance to the Russians that you yourself did or accomplished, or were you just a member of an underground that kind of played around Washington?

CHAMBERS: Well, I would hesitate to say that an underground which was able to place people in the Treasury and the State Department in positions of such importance was "playing around." They certainly were not doing anything directly for the Russians.

SPIVAK: You didn't place them there necessarily for spying, but rather to influence policy?

CHAMBERS: That is true; which is something very much more important than spying.

SPIVAK: Have you any idea whether Mr. Hiss, in any of the jobs he had, had any real influence on our pol-

icy? For example, do you know specifically or exactly what he did when he went to Yalta with the President.

CHAMBERS: No, I can't say that I do.

FINNEY: Mr. Chambers, was Mr. Hiss not in charge of the United Nations section of the State Department precisely at the time when our policy changed to a firm policy against the Soviet Union?

CHAMBERS: I do not know.

REYNOLDS: I was in Washington at the time that the Soviet Union was recognized by the United States. Liberalism, so-called, was the fashion and the fad. Oliver Wendell Holmes was the god of such young people as Mr. Alger Hiss. Mr. Alger Hiss was a leftist in the Holmes pattern. Did he have to go far to the left to be guilty of whatever you are accusing him of, which I am not quite sure of.

CHAMBERS: I am accusing him of membership in the Communist Party. I am not even accusing him of that. I am simply saying that he *was* a member of the Party.

FINNEY: Mr. Chambers, I gather from what you say that you have a dedication to extirpate members of the Communist Party as such.

CHAMBERS: To extirpate them?

FINNEY: Yes, in this country.

CHAMBERS: I certainly think that it would be most unfortunate, in fact, disastrous, for this country if Communists retain key positions in the government or in industry.

REYNOLDS: Since there has been

much discussion before the Committee about George Crosley and Whittaker Chambers and a courier named Carl, would you tell us, sir, how many names you used when you were in the underground?

CHAMBERS: In Washington the Communists knew me as Carl. While I was in the Communist Party I perhaps used half a dozen names. But I preferred to use my own name.

REYNOLDS: Were you ever referred to as Crosley?

CHAMBERS: Not to my knowledge.

SPIVAK: After you broke with the Party and after Mr. Hiss, according to you, refused to go along with you, did you ever see him again?

CHAMBERS: No, I never saw him again until we met in the Hotel Commo-dore.

FOLLIARD: As a newspaper reporter, I have been curious about one thing, Mr. Chambers. When you

were a Communist, you wrote for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. Then, when you quit, you went to *Time* magazine. I have been wondering, was the transition difficult or violent?

CHAMBERS: Mr. Folliard, when I broke with Communism I broke completely. The normal position it seems to me, for a man who has broken with Communism is conservatism. I had no difficulty whatever in making the adjustment.

SPIVAK: Mr. Chambers, at best what do you hope your testimony before the Un-American Committee is going to accomplish?

CHAMBERS: I hope that my testimony before the Un-American Committee will help to drive Communists out of the government and to drive underground Communism into the open.

RESTON: Well, gentlemen, we are not running out of questions, but we are running out of time.



NOTES OF A RETIRING FEMINIST

BY DORIS E. FLEISCHMAN {BERNAYS}

IN 1925 ship-news photographers clicked their shutters at the newsworthy sailing of the first American married woman to travel abroad under her own name. Newspapers next day actually ran the story and pictures of this event. Before that the Lucy Stone League had tried for four years to get the State Department to validate the legal fact that women are not compelled by law to assume their husband's name. The struggle had stirred up negative sentiment among the heads of the conservative Department. Neither friends nor influence had secured for any Lucy Stoner the right to sign her own name under her own face. I won the right by the device of understatement.

"Oh, no," said the shocked clerk at the New York Passport Bureau, looking at the maiden-name entry, "you have to use your *married* name."

"But I have no married name, I have only my name," I protested with dignity.

"Write to the Secretary of State," said the clerk, sneering genteelly.

"Certainly. Shall I have a statement typed?"

"No," he waved his hand, "write it on your application blank."

The message to "Mr. Secretary" scratched with a pen that might have been borrowed from a rural post office, read something like this: "Will you kindly have issued to me a passport under my own name. There is no law compelling a woman to use any but her own name, and I have never done so. Since it is apparent that the purpose of a passport is to establish identity, I assume you will not wish me to travel under a false name." That did it. In a few weeks the historic passport was launched, and in a few weeks more it was forgotten until the writing of this true confession of a way of life in the romantic 1920s.

We were fervid idealists in those days, fighting usually for means rather than for ends. We feminists wanted our own personalities, wanted to throw off the ascendancy of the male. What did we do about that? Not what you'd think. We grasped for a symbol — a name — instead of developing personalities of our own. We wore our Miss as a cosmetic, to conceal the underlying Mrs. No one was fooled by

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the paint. We bore children, baked cakes, said "yes, please" to our husbands, and tried to be good wives. We flirted, we smiled, we concealed pain, like other women, whether or not we walked big in the business and professional world. Feminists in general were — and are — feminine at home. Our individualities, as Sartre might say, were what we made them in whatever orbit we swung around.

My husband had been a fine encourager of the Lucy Stone League before he had suspected that his wife would one day forego his name. The League was founded in 1921, by Ruth Hale, almost as an unpremeditated act of passion. She told me how the idea originated in her mind. "I had no thought of keeping my own name beforehand," she said, "but when Heywood Broun and I were married, a friend rushed up to me as we left the altar, and said, 'Congratulations, Mrs. Broun.' I was furious, looked at her, and said, 'I'm not Mrs. Broun. I'm Ruth Hale.' I was so upset I rushed home and had hysterics." Ruth Hale's frenzy should have warned me then that I was no proper Lucy Stoner, because I had no emotional involvement in what I believed was a good principle.

Edward Bernays' marriage to me started off more calmly than Heywood's and Ruth's. We had gone quietly to City Hall, hoping to escape all attention. We must, however, have had some slight emotion, because I found myself sitting on my hat in the waiting room, and watched my husband forcing twenty dollar bills

into every palm within fingers' reach. Mr. McGargle performed the marriage ceremony with blushing cheeks when he learned there was no wedding ring. (A ring was taboo since we believed it was a symbol of wife-ownership.) "You can kiss her if you want to," he said, shyly, and the formalities properly concluded, we assumed that all outside interest in our union had ended.

Despite the bold and boisterous rebelliousness of the age, we thought marriage a private matter, and we believed deeply that any public notice of it was vulgar and even obscene.

11

Our marriage was to be secret. I cannot remember how the secret was to have been kept. Our families were proper, moral and conservative, and would surely have known that we had stopped living under their cozy roofs. Had we thought we could pretend not to be inhabiting a joint abode? We certainly had no intention of pretending to live in sin. It seems quite mysterious to me now. I can only surmise that we thought a principle, an ideal, somehow had dimensions that were as obvious to others as to us, and needed no explanation.

Directly we reached the Waldorf-Astoria where we were to honeymoon, all desire for secrecy blew away, like a mist in a sunny breeze. My husband grasped the telephone and called hundreds of his most intimate friends to tell them about our secret marriage.

The public was embarrassingly in-

terested in our personal venture. It became front-page news in a few hours. Out-of-town papers carried full banner headlines clear across the top of the page. We might have been a new war, instead of a new private alliance. It seems a little difficult today to remember why there was so much excitement about an obscure woman's decision to leave a name untaken.

There was less excitement but also less official poise when our first daughter was born in the fashionable obstetrical of Miss Lippincott, on Madison Avenue. The latter accepted woodenly the news that I was "Miss" and my husband "Mr." However, she wept when she presented the birth certificate and whispered: "Do I have to put in 'illegitimate'?"

Looking backward I am inclined to think that I entered too lightly this nominal obstacle race that has lasted 26 years with few stretches of clear running. The fine prize was that my own personality would be securely attached to my name. What has actually happened is that Mrs. stands to the right of me, and Miss stands to the left. Me is a ghost ego nowhere in the middle.

The truth may be surprising, but it is not bitter. Not that name-disassociation has not had its pleasant and amusing compensations. For instance, my husband who is supernormally generous and a congenital ego-builder, takes enormous pride in the pseudo-independence of his wife. Then, too, many women at the edge of intel-

lectual curiosity admire me for keeping up the appearance of independence. However, taking it on balance, as the economists say, the bargain was not good.

You might think that there is a professional advantage in using my own name, but actually, this is not so. After a long career, my name has no good-will value whatsoever, in spite of my husband's generous and gallant fight to apportion all credit to me as his partner. He is known to have a Mrs. Therefore, when I appear at a conference as Miss, I have status neither as his partner nor his wife. His name is so well known that it would be professionally valuable for me to use it. I'm presented as Miss to people who have heard only of Mrs., and vice versa. People have a way of saying, "What name do you write under?" emphasizing the pity of dividing a little fame two ways.

Strangers are often disconcerted. One day my husband hugged me — for some good reason, no doubt — during a discussion in his office, when Captain J., a most conservative official, walked in and blushed. My husband casually introduced me as Miss Fleischman without further identification. The Captain looked around the room in horror, possibly wondering where the casting couch was.

In casual social contacts, I am afraid that I have been a nuisance to my friends, an embarrassment to my family (with the exception of my husband), and a hazard to hostesses, who clearly ought not to be burdened with

an extra name to bandy about. Even ordinary introductions are difficult to a mind wrapped up in problems of olives and beer. "Please," whispered a dear little woman, balancing a tray of used glasses in one hand and a tray of pink-covered crackers in the other, "I'm so embarrassed. I'm really very embarrassed. I don't know how to introduce you. Some people tell me you want to be Miss, and some say you insist on Mrs." She mastered the system very efficiently. Another hostess was less poised. She said, "This is Mrs. Bernays, but she's really Miss Fleischman; I mean she's Miss, but she's really Mrs." as if she meant, "This is Jenny Jones, but she's really Billie the Rat."

Most people start well by calling me Miss, but quickly lapse into Mrs. The usual introduction is: "This is Miss Fleischman, Mrs. Bernays." A pretty little interior decorator wailed, "I can't ever remember which you want to be called, it's terrible."

"Just call me Doris," I answered kindly, "that'll fix it."

"Oh, I will. Thank you ever so much, Mrs. . . ."

A woman whom I hadn't seen for many years said, "Why how do you do? Oh, I'm so sorry, I don't know what to call you. Are you Miss or Mrs.?"

I answered, "Oh, I'm always Miss. But everyone here knows me as Mrs. You can call me Miss."

"Really?" she said, and vanished in a steam of clam chowder.

My daughters looked at me ac-

cusingly. "You just tried to confuse her, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted. There was no excuse for laughing, but we did.

III

Sometimes young people come to have a look at my placid, kindly face. Because I am so conventional-looking, the people who seem interesting and unconventional ignore me when I am miss-called Mrs., as just another Hokinson. Two women once discussed me as candidly as if I were deaf as well as different. One said, "I can't see why she has to use her own name." The other supported her. "No, she doesn't look so wonderful." People have, on the whole, been strangely reticent about discussing my name. Only one or two have asked why any woman should keep her name, and few have expressed even the mildest disapproval — or approval — for that matter. They have been more bashful than Kinsey researchers asking about sex.

Strangers have kept their reactions under so polite a cover that one must conclude that they believe some sex irregularity is involved or that they regard the abnormality much as they would a physical defect. At any event, it had better not be mentioned. Recently I have tried to drag the subject into the open. When my latest host asked how to introduce me, I said: "Alternate it. To every other one, say Miss, and to the others, say Mrs." The effect was startling. "Why? Why?" they asked. After I had ex-

plained, a charming woman of rigid antecedents said briefly, "Baloney," but would not particularize.

Occasionally, use of my own name has given me a sense of separate individuality. Once at a cocktail party, a beautiful woman attached herself to my husband and after a few minutes of intense pre-symbolic conversation looked indignantly at me as if to say "I saw him first — why don't you scram?" I did, of course, to my husband's delight, since he didn't want to be saddled with a Mrs. at that point. And one evening at a public dinner, a fascinating Economics Professor urged, "Let's get out of here and have some fun. You don't have to wait for that so-and-so who brought you."

There have, however, been a few moments of revenge. One sunny day I ran into an old school friend whose name had been so difficult that I failed to remember it. He asked coyly, "And have you changed your name?"

I answered sweetly, "No, I haven't, have you?" To my embarrassment, he stuttered, "Well, as a matter of fact, I have!"

The only really unpleasant experience I had concerned another Lucy Stoner. A tense situation was staged impromptu by my brother. An intermittent feminist, he was the only member of my family who approved my Miss. He was brilliant, but given to intellectual slapstick. One evening on Fifth Avenue, we saw Doris Stevens, a pioneer Lucy Stoner, approaching. He whispered, "Did you hear

that Doris has decided to use Dudley's name?" I was staggered for an instant, but greeted her with poise and some superiority, "Hello, Mrs. Malone." She answered in harsh passion. "What do you mean? You're the last person I'd expect to call me Mrs. You don't call *yourself* Mrs., do you?" She swept into the Sherry Netherlands leaving me beside my brother who was bent over and choking with laughter.

By and large, using my own name has been like swimming upstream through molasses. My children, my parents, my friends have consistently refused to Miss me. Every telephone call I make presents a hazard, because the other end of the wire invariably shrieks, "*Who?*" There are always hidden complications in phone messages left for me. Did the caller ask for Miss or Mrs.? Usually no one knows. I must dial the number and say, "Did anyone ask for Miss? Well, then, for Mrs.?" Too time-consuming. In writing invitations, I must delicately bring my husband's name into the note in order to identify myself. When I accept an invitation I have the same subtle assignment. At a party I am assailed by "Oh, do you know him? Oh, you're his wife? What? — you're his partner? What? — you're Miss? You're Mrs.? The hell with it. Let me get you some tea." On the way home with friends-of-the-moment, a complacent lady looked at me suspiciously, stretched her arms and heighoed: "The greatest gift my husband ever gave me was his name."

My children are of the same mind. As my daughter said, "If I were married, I'd be proud to take my husband's name. I'd want everyone to know I was married." My other daughter wanted to know, "How does Daddy introduce you — as Miss, his wife?"

"No, he just says, 'This is Miss.'"

"And he doesn't say you're his wife or anything?"

"No."

"How perfectly foul." In a nutshell.

"I always introduce you as 'My Mother, Mrs.' I'd feel foolish saying 'My Mother, Miss.'" Incontrovertible.

There are other drawbacks to parenthood as a Miss. Through their young lives, there has been a constant struggle to protect the children from untoward results of their parents' ideals. Every note to teacher presents a problem, since teacher should not be misled into thinking that dual names indicate a broken home. Divorces are so common that progressive educators adopt watchful attitudes towards children of split marriages. Cards, contracts, excuses for lateness all must be signed Miss with a coquettish parenthetical Mrs. for identification. The same awkwardness applies to our relationship with the various doctors and dentists who take care of them.

Doctors' offices are doubly painful to a woman with two identities. Nurses on the whole are conservative, and although they start filing me as Miss, I creep gradually into a Mrs. folder. I keep getting shifted from F

to B, losing symptoms and acquiring ailments on the way.

Even more complicated are the mechanics of housewifery under this two-name system. They are exhausting, and on the whole humiliating. Early in the game, I tried listing charge accounts — at food and department stores — under my own name. However, through the clever footwork of credit bureaus, the existence of a Mr. was uncovered. Thereafter, we were plagued with double bills, one for Miss and the other for Mrs. Endless correspondence was needed to clear up the puzzle. We decided to appease the retail credit system by using Mrs. for all charge accounts. Another snag: My checking account is under Miss, and therefore, bills to Mrs. were paid by checks in my own name. Apparently no department store is capable of crediting a Mrs. account with a Miss check. So we have found it necessary to have Mr. pay the bills for the steak and dresses bought by Miss. Because of my independent name, I cannot pay my own bills. I might as well be a normal little wife.

Only one dealer has been a comfort to my ego in all these troubled years. The newsstand dealer always greets my husband, "Hello, Mr. Fleischman." My husband honestly enjoys it.

IV

While life at home has presented the greatest hazards to Lucy Stonerism, travel is not altogether smooth, either. Registering in a hotel in the United

States leads to battles, withdrawals or confusion. Reactionary room clerks are not always easy to indoctrinate when rooms are scarce. We have developed various subterfuges. For instance, my husband once tried to solve the difficulty by registering "Mr. Bernays and wife (Miss Fleischman)." We were billed for three persons in one room that time, and made to feel decidedly immoral besides.

Morality seemed often to be drawn into the use of separate names, especially in Europe. I can remember a leering conductor on a train from Vienna to Prague, who wished us all happiness when he left us alone in one compartment with two passports. Using my own name was a good deal of fun in France in the early twenties. There was a puzzled *homme du monde* in Paris, who couldn't understand why any married woman should want to pass herself off as single. He assured me that men are far more interested in married than in maiden ladies. Why should I sacrifice the opportunities that awaited me as Mrs., but would be denied me as Miss?

Charmion Wiegand, the artist, recently applied for a passport in her own name. The clerk said she would have to use her husband's name. Her husband, novelist Joseph Freeman, cited my 1925 passport as precedent. The clerk raised his brows, and said, "Well, okay then, it's your lookout."

Joe, Charmion and I subsequently discussed the entire question of names and marriage customs. Joe believes it is philosophically and anthropolog-

ically unsound for a woman to keep her maiden name.

"In a matriarchy," he said, "children take the names of their mothers. What happens if a woman keeps her own name? She is keeping her father's name. Her children keep their father's name. Keeping the father's name doesn't establish a new system of nomenclature. It doesn't certainly, establish a new status for women. Possibly the woman who keeps her father's name prefers to be father's daughter, rather than husband's wife."

"Oh, Joe," said Charmion, in charming dismay, "I had no idea I'd hurt your feelings. If I'd known, I'd have taken your name."

Joe said, a bit grandly, "Not at all. I have no feeling about it at all. But Miss Wiegand will have more difficulty in traveling than Mrs. Freeman would." He was correct.

A Lucy Stoner is mistaken in thinking that keeping her father's name is more significant than taking her husband's name. We were guilty of belief in magic. We thought a name itself had power to confer a separate identity. It is the actions of women and the attitudes of men towards them that determine a woman's status.

Perhaps that is why the number of Lucy Stoners has not grown perceptibly since the founding of the League. Ruth Hale, Jane Grant, Michael Strange, Janet Flanner, Zona Gale, Susan Glaspell, Fannie Hurst, Freda Kirchwey, Anita Loos, Neysa McMein — these were the founders of what failed to become established as a

custom. Certainly the present young generation evidences little interest in an idea that seemed momentous in the wild 1920s.

Two bright teen-age girls discussed the question gravely and I think, definitively. "If my husband didn't let me use his name, I'd think he didn't love me. I'd bop him and leave him." They couldn't see the sense in the Lucy Stoner idea at all. It wasn't exciting, or adventuresome, they thought. It was just silly. Of course, if you were an actress or a singer or a dancer or movie star — but even actresses use their married names now, in private life, don't they? Well, some of them do anyway. Or if your husband was a dope and you were famous — or if you just needed to have something to fight about all the time —

I have been convinced by the logic of the anti-Lucy Stoners. I have forgotten the mystic satisfaction of maintaining the maiden name in spite of countless discomforts.

But I am up against a pragmatic dilemma. I want to abandon the struggle against the married name. I'd like to be Mrs. Edward L. Ber-

nays. I'm proud of him and of his name. But can I change it now without loss of face? Will a change of name now imply cowardice? Certainly my own generation of romantic feminists will resent my desertion after a quarter of a century of honest experimentation. Can I retract without being accused of seeking notoriety?

General Sarnoff asked me: "What has it done for you, keeping your name?"

"Nothing," I answered. "It's been nothing but a bother and a nuisance."

"Well then, why do you keep on?"

"Habit, pride, timidity," I explained.

The General shrugged a shoulder.

"You're right, of course," I conceded.

Miss will now endeavor to turn herself into Mrs. She will secure a new passport, a new checkbook, a new letterhead. Some of her professional acquaintances and a few of her friends will deplore the defection. But basically, since a word at best can reflect only a truth, there will be no change in the inner life or external motions of an ex-miss.



HAYES: THE FORGOTTEN PRESIDENT

BY WENZELL BROWN

PARADOX and irony mark the career of Rutherford Birchard Hayes, the nineteenth President of the United States. Few Presidents have so profoundly affected the course of American history, yet probably no man who has held this office has been so little known or so lightly honored by the American public. A man of integrity, honor and unswerving principle, he is nevertheless remembered primarily as the man who became President through "the stolen election." This man, who defied party politics to bring peace to a country torn with internal strife and on the verge of a second civil war, has been called by historians "an insignificant weakling." And Hayes, who voluntarily destroyed his chances of a second term in order to break up the vicious oligarchy that dominated Washington, has never outlived the contumely and slander disseminated by the corrupt political machines whose power he destroyed.

Rutherford Hayes was elected to office in the campaign of 1876. Despite the fact that the Civil War had ended

eleven years previously, the Southern states were still practically armed camps in which acts of violence occurred almost daily. Armies of occupation remained in many of the states and, especially in South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida, the rule of the Carpet-baggers and Scalawags was even more oppressive than in the days immediately following the war. The South seethed with violence. The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan burned their crosses, intimidated Negroes and flogged and killed white and colored politicians who gained their disfavor. A host of similar organizations sprang up, the most prominent of which was the White League. Young white Southerners flocked to rifle and sabre clubs and the talk of armed rebellion was open and wide-spread. Passions rode high in both the North and South and probably at no time in American history have party politics been so bitter. A single unconsidered act might have swept the country into a second civil war.

Into this situation Rutherford Hayes stepped and brought about a reconcili-

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ation that once again reunited the country. No political leader of the day could have done this. Tilden's outspoken pro-Southern sympathies would have made him intolerable to the North. Blaine's "Bloody Shirt" speech against the South marked him as a fanatic. Conkling was a firm believer in the Spoils System and a follower of the immoderate practices of the Grant régime. Hayes succeeded simply because he was not a leader. There was no slightest touch of the demagogue about him. He was a calm unimpassioned man who believed in compromise and mediation; he was never spectacular, never carried away by emotion. He ended the period of Reconstruction, brought the South back into the fold and restored the reputation of the Republican party which had been split by excesses, corruption and internal feuds. His non-partisanship made enemies of the machine politicians who had helped him to the Presidency in the belief that he could be controlled easily. His fairness appeased the feuding parties and his failure to grant favors brought him some grudging respect from honest men, but he had no enthusiastic adherents.

Hayes' reconciliation of a divided nation should have been enough in itself to bring him lasting fame, but his accomplishments by no means ended there. Almost single-handedly he destroyed the Spoils System which had bled the country since the days of Andrew Jackson. The Civil Service System was his brain-child, and one

of his first acts after taking over the Presidency was to assign Carl Schurz to the work of setting up the Civil Service. Professional politicians of both parties wailed loudly at having their political patronage snatched from them. They swore that Hayes would never hold office again. The President proceeded calmly with his plans, knowing that he was ringing his own political death knell.

II

The period of Hayes' administration was marked by rapid industrial growth, coupled with economic hardship. The country teemed with planners who had little or no knowledge of basic economic laws. Currency was scarce and the country was deeply in debt. Demagogues aroused the people to a belief that their problems could be solved by the simple expedient of printing tremendous numbers of bank notes without the backing of a gold reserve. Such a course of action would have completely destroyed American credit abroad and permanently impeded both industrial development and the rise of America as a world power. Hayes was fully aware of this and blocked every attempt of Congress to pass bills which would have brought about a wild inflation. In so doing, he brought down upon his head the frenzied vituperation of the fanatics; a large segment of the American public believed that he alone was responsible for blocking the easy road to wealth.

At about the same time, huge silver

deposits were discovered in the West and here too the American dream of fantastic wealth sprang into being. Many serious and thoughtful men believed that American economic interests could best be served by going off the gold standard. Political pressure for him to do this was terrific, especially from the Western states. Hayes' open opposition to the silver bloc headed by the eloquent, fiery "Silver Dick" Bland might have been ineffectual, so he compromised by advocating that the government purchase great quantities of silver. The result was a heavy financial loss to the country, but at least the basic economic structure remained untouched. Hayes stood condemned as "a tool of Wall Street" but, in actuality, he neither gained nor courted the support of the industrialists. Once again he had sacrificed personal prestige and political advantage to the welfare of the country.

On issue after issue, Hayes eschewed the spectacular and pursued the course of common sense, kindness and indifference to political results. He ousted the band of conscienceless grafters who had taken over the Indian service. He voiced his indignation over the atrocities committed on the West Coast against the Chinese and vetoed the Chinese Exclusion Act. He steered the country clear of participation in the French attempt to build the first Panama Canal. He dealt firmly but moderately with the nation-wide strikes and was a soft-spoken but effective foe of monopolies. His most

bitter struggle, however, was to free the country of parasitic Federal office-holders, most of whom had been appointed by the two Titans of the Republican party — Roscoe Conkling, Republican boss of New York and James G. Blaine, the somewhat besmirched "Plumed Knight" from Maine. Conkling and Blaine, hitherto irreconcilable enemies, joined in a campaign of vituperation against Hayes, but the President was able to dislodge most of the hangers-on they had placed in office. Though Hayes fell before the blows of his adversaries, neither Blaine nor Conkling escaped unscathed for, through Hayes' efforts, the Presidency toward which both of these men aspired was forever closed to them.

As Hayes' term of office drew to a close, ironically enough, his only friends were those who had originally been his enemies. Those who had fought hardest to keep him out of the White House were the ones who now wished him to remain there, while the coterie of conspirators who had thrust him into office were determined to get rid of him. Before the Republican convention of 1880, Hayes, who could not have won himself, announced that he was espousing John Sherman. The convention thereupon completely disregarded Sherman. Yet paradox again entered the scene for, in private, Hayes had expressed his desire that James A. Garfield should be his successor. The Convention which rejected Hayes' candidate also rejected those who had assailed him and the

quiet, respectable, little-known Garfield became its choice. Hayes had brought back respectability to the party and it swept on to victory, leaving behind the man who had given it a new lease of life.

III

How does it happen that a man who has accomplished so much has become almost an obscure figure in American history? Partly because history is largely written by men who are strongly partisan and Hayes picked an individual course that cut across party lines. Partly because solid accomplishment is seldom dramatic and therefore does not make for interesting reading. Partly because the circumstances under which Hayes assumed office led to such violent quarrels and denunciations that the period of office itself came as an anti-climax. But the primary reason lies in the character and personality of the man himself.

One adjective occurs repeatedly in descriptions of Hayes; this is the word "normal." Hayes was typical of the better sort of American, lacking distinction in appearance, dress, speech or mannerisms. The same negative qualities which made him acceptable to the Republican Convention of 1876 predestined him to an unspectacular place in history. The grafters and machine politicians found him acceptable because they believed him to be weak, pliable and even a little stupid. The idealists and the reformers believed him to be a good man basically who could be influenced to their point of

view. Hayes never opposed that which he could not mend. His speech was compounded of clichés which appeared to be without meaning. His bluff geniality, his slowness to condemn others and his mild manner were easily mistaken for lack of character. Only a few intimate friends recognized that his restraint was part of an iron self-discipline, and overlaid a dogged determination to use his power for what he believed to be right.

Rutherford Hayes was the product of a stern New England background, transplanted from Vermont to the tiny frontier town of Delaware, Ohio. The senior Rutherford Hayes found farming too arduous for his rather delicate health and became a distiller of whisky — another piece of irony, for his son's first political speeches were for prohibition and, as President, he refused to let liquor be served in the White House. The elder Hayes died before the birth of his youngest child and the puritanical Mrs. Hayes would have been hard put to it, had it not been for the aid of her brother, Sardis Birchard. Although a dutiful son, young Rutherford never appears to have felt any deep affection for his mother and, at times, delighted in flouting her. He rebelled against her religiosity and always spoke of himself as an agnostic or an atheist. Characteristically, however, he attended church regularly throughout his life, explaining in his diary that he considered this good discipline and part of a social responsibility.

The strongest emotional attach-

ment of Hayes' life was for his elder sister, Fanny, and when she died, he was inconsolable. His guide and mentor, even after he reached manhood, was his uncle, Sardis Birchard. Birchard, who never married, devoted his life to his sister's children and was responsible for Rutherford's education and training. As a boy, Rutherford gave few indications of the robust health and physical strength that were to mark him as a man. He was weak and sickly, and turned away from sports to reading and writing a diary.

At fifteen, he was sent East by his uncle and he prepared for Yale College at the private academy of Isaac Webb in Middletown, Connecticut. Rutherford immediately felt at home in the New England town and, if he had had his way, might have remained in the East. It was perhaps fortunate for him that his uncle met with financial reverses which caused Rutherford to return to Ohio. Instead of entering Yale, he was sent to Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio, which he describes as a good eight hours' walk from his home. Probably no single event in Hayes' life was more fortunate than his choice of Kenyon. Yale might well have given him a polish and sophistication, which would have served him ill in his political life.

At Kenyon Hayes was, if not popular, at least well-liked. According to his diary, he was "shy and awkward," but his classmates did not find him so. He joined a Greek Letter fraternity, attended social functions and com-

mented in his diary at some length on his new black peak-toed shoes and brindle-colored trousers. He had no doubts about his career. He intended to become a lawyer.

At the age of 25, after several false starts, Hayes set his sights on Cincinnati, the most rapidly growing city of the mid-West, then filled with a jumble of stockyards, factories, jerry-built tenements, saloons, brothels and churches. For a young man who combined shrewdness, tolerance, geniality, honesty, a slight naïveté and strikingly good looks, Cincinnati held unlimited possibilities.

His rise to a position of importance in the city was slow but steady. His journal indicates that he held political ambitions from the start. He joined various organizations and looked about for opportunities to come before the public eye. He freely admitted later that he used the Prohibition movement to help him practise public speaking. And then suddenly, this mild and rather pedantic young lawyer found himself the center of attention. A series of sordid, brutal murders had been committed by an ugly, degenerate young servant girl named Nancy Farrer, who poisoned a whole family for whom she worked. Hayes did not defend her in the original trial and she was convicted and sentenced to death. But he handled her appeal and, through technicalities, secured her release. The newspapers declared a Roman holiday and Hayes was, for the moment, the best-known young lawyer in the city. Almost immedi-

ately he was called upon to defend another equally vicious murderer, James Summons, and again he was successful. Hayes was on his way up. About this time, the Republican party sprang into being and Hayes, who had been a Whig, was quick to join. He held minor offices from the beginning and swiftly climbed to more important positions.

His financial success assured, Hayes confided to his diary that it was time "to get me a wify." He seems to have been very attractive to women and had toyed with the idea of marrying several. However, when he made his choice he followed his mother's advice. The girl he took for his bride was Lucy Ware Webb. Lucy appears to have been much like Hayes' mother; she was deeply religious, highly moral and self-sacrificing. One commentator describes her as "warm-hearted, popular and pretty, but not markedly so." She was an ideal wife for the aspiring young politician for she was a comfortable, home-loving woman whose private life was beyond reproach. She grew in dignity and tact with the growing importance of her husband's position and she bore him a family of eight children.

IV

By the time the Civil War broke out, Hayes was firmly established as one of the most successful lawyers in Ohio. He joined the Union forces immediately as a major. He was extremely popular with both his superiors and his men, and at one time he refused a

command in order to stay with his original group, the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment. Although this was a sagacious political move, it is doubtful that he considered it in that light. Hayes was seriously wounded at South Mountain, but seems to have been little affected by either the horrors of battle or the conflicting ideologies at stake. As far as we can tell, he thoroughly enjoyed the war.

While still in the army, Hayes was nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for the United States House of Representatives. He refused to leave his duty to campaign; instead he wrote a letter of declination which was an unconscious political masterpiece. The letter, which stated that "An officer fit for duty who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress ought to be scalped," was widely circulated and as a result Hayes was swept into office.

Rutherford Hayes took his seat in the House on November 30, 1865. For the first time in his life he was thoroughly miserable. He complained, almost pettishly, of the political bickerings about him. He voted the straight party ticket without comment. However, he secured one post that was much to his taste; he became Chairman of the Library Committee. He devoted himself whole-heartedly to this work and he procured the passage of a bill for the Smithsonian Library to become the Library of Congress. He also pushed through the purchase of Peter Force's invaluable collection

of Americana. More than any other man, he was responsible for the development of the Library of Congress to its present importance.

When the Republicans offered him the candidacy for the governorship of Ohio, he welcomed it gladly as an opportunity to "get out of the Washington political life decently." He won the election and upon the adjournment of Congress returned to Ohio as Governor. He served two terms. He instituted a few mild reforms but still remained strictly a party man. Idealistic Republicans meanwhile were becoming shocked by the excesses of the Grant régime, and they threatened to split the party. The reformers approached Hayes, asking for his support; he was amiable but refused to join the ranks. When his second term of office was finished he preferred to retire from political life.

In 1875, the Democrats were in power in Ohio and the Republicans knew their only chance of winning was to persuade Hayes to run again for governor. Hayes hesitated but finally agreed. He became the first man in Ohio's history to be elected to the governorship for three terms.

The Republican Convention of 1876 was held in Cincinnati and, because of this, the Governor of Ohio would be a key figure. Blaine, Conkling and the fanatical Oliver P. Morton seemed the likely candidates of the old guard, while Benjamin H. Bristow was the favorite of the progressive or reform wing of the party.

The names of the first three of these men had all been besmirched by the scandals surrounding the Credit Mobilizer and other financial schemes of questionable character. Each hated and feared the other and all were afraid of Bristow.

At the end of the sixteenth ballot the Convention was hopelessly deadlocked. It was obvious that none of the contestants would give way to another and that they must compromise on an outside figure. Hayes was the obvious choice. Each candidate found him less objectionable than any other. The corrupt party politicians did not conceal their opinion of him as weak, unreliable and fundamentally dishonest; they thought he would make a good whipping boy for the party. Bristow held out longest but was finally convinced that there was no other choice. Hayes was not deceived; he accepted the nomination knowing full well why he was acceptable. There was grim humor in his acceptance, for he was determined that if he should be elected, he would sweep the White House clean of the parasites who infested it.

The Democrats selected as their candidate one of the most curious figures ever to find prominence on the American political scene, Samuel Jones Tilden. Tilden was a diminutive, crotchety bachelor who, according to some biographers, never had a personal friend in his life. He was a brilliant pamphleteer, a master of invective, a mental giant; but he was also a confirmed hypochondriac who re-

pelled most of those who met him by his strange appearance and harsh speech. Yet there was a nobility in the man, a belief in fair play and a fiery and selfless patriotism. He first attracted attention to himself by the witty, sometimes devastating letters which he wrote to New York papers. Later he wrote articles and pamphlets and the politicians began to realize that his pen was a mighty weapon in any campaign.

Tilden was active in Tammany Hall but he looked askance at the Master criminal who ran it, W. M. "Boss" Tweed. He attacked Tweed fiercely but, at first, with little effect. Other Democrats began to realize that Tweed was a menace to their party and that if they themselves did not destroy him, the Republicans would. When this happened there would be a national scandal that would make the besmirched Republicans look like plaster saints. "The Boss" must go and it must be the Democrats who pull him down. They looked around for a man with the audacity and cunning to do the distasteful job and settled on Samuel Tilden.

Tilden laid his plans with skill and vision, and when Tweed fell he received full credit. The next step was the governorship of New York, in which office Tilden served with honesty and brilliance. Thus, despite his personal handicaps, he was the outstanding Democratic candidate for the Presidency when the party met in the Convention of 1876.

The disputed election which followed is the one phase of Hayes' career about which much, perhaps too much, has been written. Probably in no Presidential campaign has there been such a deluge of slander poured upon the contestants. Yet both were of exceptionally sound character and high integrity. Each remained aloof from the vicious brawling which neither could hope to control. And, curiously enough, each stood for almost identical aims and purposes and, from an ideological point of view, there was little to choose between the sickly little man from New York and the robust, genial mid-Westerner.

Bribery, graft and violence were the order of the day, especially in the South. When the first returns came in, Tilden was announced the winner. The returns would have been accepted as final had it not been for the New York *Times*, whose managing editor, John C. Reid, was fanatically opposed to the South. Reid refused to admit that the returns from South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida, all of which were originally in favor of Tilden, were valid. Republican leaders snatched at the straw offered by Reid and by dint of constant reiteration convinced themselves and a large segment of the public that Hayes had actually won.

The series of investigations, controversies, Committees and plans that followed are too complicated to catalog. In all three states there had been wholesale fraud on both sides. It would take the wisdom of Solomon

to sort out the truth from the completely contradictory and highly partisan reports that flooded in. At this range, speculation on the merits of the conflicting parties is futile.

Finally an electoral commission was appointed, composed of members of the House, Senate and Supreme Court. There were eight Republicans and seven Democrats on the Commission; each member voted for his party and Rutherford Hayes was in. Although on the surface this was a Republican victory, actually it was maneuvered, to a great extent, by the Southern Democrats. They agreed to the personnel of the Commission on the condition that they should be returned to power in the Southern states.

Hayes was not a brilliant President,

but he was a capable and honest man who served his country selflessly. He moved against a political backdrop of men who rose to fame through eccentricity of appearance and speech. The very negative qualities in his character were those which brought him to a place of power. Yet Rutherford Hayes did as much or more to direct the channel of American development than any other peace-time President. There is a tendency to give him an obscure niche in history, yet those who seek a united nation today and deplore national and international policies determined upon party lines would do well to raise the memory of Rutherford Hayes. For Hayes looked upon himself as the representative of the American people, not of the Republican party.

PHRASE ORIGINS—43

NOT TO CARE A RAP: *There's a pretty but etymologically unscientific explanation that "rap" in this phrase is derived from the letters forming the heading of columns in account books used by the English in India. R.A.P. would stand for the Indian monetary units, Rupees, Annas, Pice. "Rap" is used also in the phrase, "not worth a rap," and a person in that position doesn't have enough to be worth an entry in an account book. However, the true explanation is to be found in Ireland and not in India. "Rap" was the name of a counterfeit coin which was passed as a half-penny in Ireland during the eighteenth century. The word "rap" naturally came to mean anything of small value, a tiny bit.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

WHY THE REPUBLICANS LOST

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The catastrophe that befell the Republican party on November 2 has aroused extensive soul-searching among the leaders and rank-and-file of the party. This soul-searching has significance not only to the party membership but also to the general public, since the vigor of an opposition party is one of the barometers of the health of a democracy. All Americans, therefore, have a stake in the continued well-being of the Republican party. For this reason the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY have decided to open the pages of the magazine to leaders of the Republican party, to give them an opportunity to think out loud about the problems besetting their organization. Needless to say, the MERCURY, in doing so, expresses no partisanship for or against the Republican party; we are, as we have been from the very beginning, wholly independent in politics. Mr. Kelland, who has taken time out from his literary labors to engage actively in Republican affairs, is at present a leader of an important group in the party. He has served in recent years as a national committeeman for Arizona and as executive director of the National Committee. This article will be followed, from time to time, by other articles written by men and women who are also active in party circles.

THE Republican party, with every observable political factor in its favor, lost the Presidential election of 1948. What was even more serious, it lost the Congressional elections and its control of the Senate and House of Representatives.

When such a political débâcle occurs, it is well to take stock, and to endeavor temperately and efficiently to search out the causes of defeat. In such a research emotion should play no part, and cool logic should take possession of the situation. It will not be enough merely to discover why the Republican party was defeated so decisively: It is essential that we Re-

publicans must carry our research into the future and determine what we must do to bring victory in the Congressional elections of 1950 and the Presidential election of 1952.

In the conduct of the affairs of a political party there are two distinct departments. The first of these is organization, the second is policy. In both of these departments the Republican party must make extensive repairs and alterations. It must reform organization and crystallize policy.

First as to organization.

The central governing body of the party on the organizational level is the National Committee. This body con-

sists of two representatives, a man and a woman, selected or elected by each of the 48 states and the territories. It is this Committee that elects the National Chairman and other important officers of the party. It is responsible for party organization. In the past, it has generally declared itself not to be responsible for policy. Though on notable occasions and in emergencies it had issued important declarations of policy.

The National Committee, though selected by the several states to govern the party organization, has created the regrettable precedent of abdicating its most important duties and functions at exactly the moment when those duties and functions were most necessary to the success of the party. For the past sixteen years the National Committee has been in reality an operative, going concern only in a period lasting from a year after defeat until the moment of the nomination of a new Presidential candidate. It has been the history of this Committee that, instantly upon the nomination of a candidate for President it becomes a docile rubber stamp in the hands of the man who has been nominated to be its standard bearer in the ensuing campaign.

The Committee meets on the day following the nomination not to act but to take orders. Sometimes the candidate goes through polite motions of consulting with the committee, but this has been only a meaningless gesture. The custom has been that he sends word to the Committee in-

structing them whom it shall name as its National Chairman and important officials. In other words, the party organization then becomes a personal organization. At the moment when an integrated, efficient, going concern is essential to party success organization is destroyed or crippled. In the heat of a campaign a new organization must be hastily created under new and strange leadership.

In 1948, on the morning following nominations, the committee sat in session, without information, waiting to hear the name of the man who would be selected to be its head. The name of that gentleman never had been mentioned in the Committee as a possibility. It was unacquainted with him or with his abilities. It had no opportunity to discuss his fitness. It was astounded when it received its orders to elect him, because there were not half a dozen individuals in the room who ever had heard the name of the new Chairman.

This was not organization, it was disorganization.

In this campaign the candidate went further than any of his predecessors. Not only did he name the new Chairman, but he immediately deposed him and rendered him futile. He named his own personal campaign manager who, from that moment until the disaster of November second, usurped the duties of the Chairman, assumed his powers, and took over the operation of the Republican party.

Consequently, the campaign be-

came not a campaign conducted by an organized party, not only for the election of a President but also of members of the Senate and House of Representatives, but a highly personalized campaign exclusively operated with one objective. Which was the election of a President.

Approximately the same thing occurred in 1944 and in 1940.

After 1940 it required more than a year of working and bickering before a semblance of organization could be restored. The same was true after 1944. During those periods the party was practically moribund. Always the same thing happens. The Chairman selected by the candidate resigns or is forced to resign. The National Committee resumes its abdicated responsibilities. It elects a Chairman of its own choosing and goes about the work of organizing the party. It continues this task diligently and generally effectively until the next party convention. Whereupon all its labor is promptly kicked overboard once more in order to repeat the same regrettable inefficiency.

II

True, continuing, efficient organization never can be attained until it is clearly understood that a Presidential candidate, successful or unsuccessful, is ephemeral. He is an incident. He is elected or he is defeated. He passes from the scene. But the Republican party is permanent. It is a living, continuing thing. Genuine organization cannot be implemented until that or-

ganization is permanent and continuing — not subject to disruption every four years at the whim of the man who chances to be the party's nominee.

The National Committee is made up of sincere men and women who labor diligently and with quite surprising intelligence for the benefit of the party, and, so far as I have observed over long years, with integrity for what they believe to be the good of their country. Their gravest fault is docility in crises, when docility can do the most harm.

It is here, I believe, that the first reform in organization must be made. The Republican party stands for republican principles and republican methods and processes. Its National Committee must insist that such processes shall obtain continuously. It must cease to believe in and operate under such processes for three out of each four years, and then tamely surrender to dictatorship for the crucial few months of the campaign.

The National Committee must maintain its integrity and its independence. It must see to it that party organization shall be independent of the candidate. It must see to it that organization shall be continuing, not interrupted. It must be prepared in every election to support its candidates to the utmost, but it must not be dominated by any candidate.

It must say to the party nominee, "We have nominated you in convention, and we mean to use all honorable means to elect you to office. But the

Republican party is bigger than any candidate. It is a permanent, deathless thing. You are but an incident in history. The party was here before you were born and will still be here when you are long dead. You must not captiously break up our continuity of effort."

The candidate is one man. The Republican party, even in defeat, consists of more than 20 million voters. The party will never achieve true efficiency until it realizes and acts upon the realization that the party must dominate the candidate, not the candidate the party. We are not striving to elect an individual, we are striving to elect a man delegated to represent the party in an election. Not the master of the party, but the servant of the party.

Here is where the first organizational reformation must come. We must never again permit organization to be disrupted every four years. Between nomination and election the time is so brief that it is absurdly impossible to rebuild organization to the point of real efficiency. Organization must always be there, operating, continuing, uninterrupted.

It must understand that its strength is in permanence, in continuous management, in uninterrupted cohesion. The National Committee must cure its habit of quadrennial abdication.

So much for organization and continuity of management. The formation of a cogent policy is a more intricate and difficult matter.

I believe the millions of the Repub-

lican party know what it stands for or what it should stand for. The difficulty in policy regions is that party leaders and party candidates so frequently place expediency ahead of integrity. The failures of the past four campaigns have been in large part due — in my belief — to the fact that our leaders have not perceived that integrity and courage are more admired and trusted than opportunism and appeasement and indefinite, shallow generalities.

Our people are apt to detect the difference between courageous sincerity and spineless dodging of issues.

It seems to me that the chief duty of a political party out of power is to state definitely and categorically the issues which must be decided. It is their duty to be explicit so that there can be no misunderstanding of what the party stands for and what the party opposes. It is the duty of the party out of power — the Republican party — to make its principles so clear; to state wherein it differs from the Democratic party so plainly that it will give the voters on election day an opportunity to choose between the two philosophies.

It must go farther than this. It must draw so definite a line of demarcation between its tenets and those of the Democratic party, that it forces a choice upon the electors. Not only must a decision be asked for, it must be compelled.

Our failure in the past is that we have not done this thing. We have not stood firmly on our feet. We have

appeased groups and blocs. We have fished for racial votes or sectional votes with evasions. We have not realized our duty to our party, to our country and to posterity. We have not stood up to be counted. We never have made it apparent that we would rather be right than President.

III

I believe solemnly that there is but one political or philosophical issue in the world today, and that all other disputed ideas are subsidiary to it. This is the issue of the preservation and restoration of human freedom. This most precious of all the possessions of mankind has been abolished in great areas of the earth's surface. It has been curtailed and threatened within our own borders. Our recent history has been one of movement toward centralized authority and the destruction of local self-government. It has been a movement away from individual liberty toward regimentation.

It is plain to me that the Democratic party — under New Deal leadership — has been urging our people with specious arguments to surrender their liberties and to consent to the curtailment of their freedoms. This conduct they have trademarked with the name "liberal."

The Republican party, if it deserves to survive, must erect itself as a restraining dam to contain and hold back this flood. It must take its stand firmly and courageously on the side of human rights, and it must have the

intelligence and the fortitude to demonstrate to our people that so much that is foisted upon us under the name of liberalism is in reality its exact contrary.

We must cast aside forever the me-too appeasement of which we have been guilty, and we must demonstrate, as definitely we can, that the real liberals of America are its Republicans. And conversely that the Democratic party is anti-liberal.

There is much ranting about our failure to go after votes in the lower brackets. It is justified. Because we have not, as Republicans, explained ourselves to the people. We have not made explicit the undeniable fact that we are the party of the people, working in their interests, diligent to preserve and extend their rights, and steadfast to protect and conserve their liberties.

Who is the true liberal? Is it the man who labors in season and out of season to diminish human liberty and opportunity? As the New Deal has done? Or is it the man who works to restore and enlarge human liberty and the just rights to freedom of action of the individual?

What the Republican party has lacked for sixteen years is, inelegantly enough, just plain guts to stand up for what it believes, for what it knows to be right and against what it knows to be wrong.

That, it seems to me, must be our first major reform in the field of policy. In short, we must have a policy. Me-too is not a policy. The Republi-

can party never has adopted it. Only certain leaders, lacking in courage and moral integrity, have enunciated it as belonging to us.

We have permitted ourselves to be attacked as the party of entrenched wealth and as mossbacks dominated by a mythical Old Guard. What have we ever done to disabuse the minds of impressionable voters of this nonsense? We simply do not fight.

We have not even been efficient in stating the facts when irresponsible speakers of the opposition charge the Republican party with being the party of reaction, and the property of corporations. We have failed completely to show the country that the New Deal was financed by millionaires; that Wall Street has contributed more to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign and Mr. Truman's campaign than it has to the Republican party.

In justice it must be said that neither party is the property of wealth or great industrialists or special interests. Such a charge is utter nonsense. But we of the Republican party are saddled with it through our own ineptness, and we must get on the job of disproving it.

It is not possible in so short a space to discuss each minor issue in the realm of party politics. It is not possible for any one individual to speak on every issue for the whole party.

I therefore believe that the Republican party, as its first step in reorganizing itself on the policy level, on the philosophical level, should speak as a party. I believe there should

be as speedy an enunciation of policy and intentions as it is possible to obtain.

I believe that the most efficient and practical step the Republican party can take — after it convenes its National Committee and restores some semblance of organization — is to ordain a party convention for the purpose of discussion and of arriving at definite, cogent, explicit declaration of what the party stands for.

I advocate that, at its next meeting, the Republican National Committee shall invoke such a conference with the National Committee as its nucleus. I advocate that the National Committee shall invite to participate in such a convocation, to join with it in such a meeting, an adequate number of party leaders to be representative. All Republican State Chairmen should be present. The Senate — its Republican members — should designate a committee to attend as should the House of Representatives. Such a meeting should be held under the auspices of the National Committee with its new chairman as presiding officer. Because the National Committee is the duly elected governing body of the party.

This convention, this committee, should be a midwife presiding over the rebirth of the Republican party. If it shall do its duty with courage and intelligence and integrity great benefit will come not only to the party but to our country.

But there must be courage to be definite, not to dodge or to evade,

but to lay down a clearly visible battle line. Let us force a decision. Let us compel the voters to decide. To me this seems like practical politics. Our position is such that we must start from the beginning. In reality we must re-create the Republican party. The sooner the better.

SIX BOYS IN THE SUN

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

It isn't every year, I guess,
A man sees naked happiness.

But I saw her where she lay
Bare as young Eve was today.

Six small boys with legs spread wide
Lay fishing on a brook's green side.

With collars and their minds undone
The boys were sopping up the sun.

Tight to earth in natural sprawls,
They were pure peace in overalls.

Back on their older mother's knees,
With no more morals than the bees.

They held fish-poles, but their thought
Was bellies and backs arched piping hot.

A dog of every careless kind
Kept the universe behind.

Before the boys the world was merely
Water running sweetly, clearly.

It did not matter if fish bit,
Life was bread with honey on it.

Earth was a globe of hot green joy
Curved to the right curves of a boy.

NEW FACTS ABOUT PERNICIOUS ANEMIA

BY MILTON L. ZISOWITZ
AND ELEANOR M. BENNETT

SINCE 1926, when Drs. George R. Minot and William P. Murphy discovered the liver treatment which was to bring them the Nobel Prize in Medicine, the lives of over a million victims of pernicious anemia in the United States, and millions more in other parts of the world, have been saved. Nevertheless, certain disadvantages and limitations in this therapy have kept researchers at work, seeking improved methods for combating this dangerous disease. During the past year, new discoveries have been announced which promise to end forever the threat of death from pernicious anemia.

In the great majority of cases, liver therapy in one form or another checks pernicious anemia quite effectively, and enables victims of this particular blood disorder to lead perfectly normal and healthy lives. But there are exceptions. Occasionally, a patient will be found who does not respond at all to the liver injections. More commonly, doctors

find that they are stymied in their efforts to control the disease because the sufferer is, or becomes, sensitive to the liver and cannot take it without suffering consequences which are as serious as pernicious anemia itself. For these unfortunate people, until very recently, there was no hope — they were doomed to die.

There was the case of a prosperous 48-year-old manufacturer who went to his doctor because he felt weak and generally run-down. Laboratory tests showed that he was suffering from pernicious anemia, and his physician accordingly decided to administer liver. After the first injection, the patient went home, assured that he would be all right. That night, however, he awoke in agony — he was burning with fever, his skin was aflame with hives, he could scarcely breathe. A shot of adrenalin brought him out of his allergic reaction, but the doctor now realized that he could no longer use the liver treatment on this man — another injection might

MILTON L. ZISOWITZ, a teacher in the New York City high schools, is a veteran contributor to the *MERCURY* and other magazines who has specialized in medical subjects. Another article by him on sludged blood is scheduled to appear in these pages soon. ELEANOR M. BENNETT is a laboratory assistant working for Dr. Tom D. Spies, a man who has made outstanding contributions in the treatment of anemia and the nutritional deficiency diseases.

prove fatal. Other methods of controlling the disease were tried, but they were unsuccessful. After seven months of lingering illness, during which the doctor could do nothing but attempt to alleviate his suffering, the patient died — not so much a victim of pernicious anemia as a victim of the fact that he could not take the treatment which would otherwise almost certainly have saved his life.

II

What is this disease which attacks thousands of men and women of every race and of every degree of economic and social standing all over the world each year? Like all other anemias, pernicious anemia is a condition which prevents the blood from carrying out its most important function — the distribution of oxygen to every part of the body. In some types of anemia, such as those which are associated with hemorrhages of various sorts, this condition is brought about because there is not enough blood in the circulatory system to take care of the needs of the body. These anemias are frequently found in patients suffering from ulcers or hemorrhoids, or in people who have been severely injured, and they can be controlled simply enough by giving blood transfusions until the source of the hemorrhage has been eliminated. The vast majority of anemias, though, including pernicious anemia, are caused by a deficiency in the red blood cells or in the oxygen-carrying hemoglobin which they contain.

A certain amount of oxygen is dissolved in the straw-colored blood plasma. However, this oxygen is of little practical importance inasmuch as the human tissues must be supplied with many times as much oxygen as can be carried in physical solution in the plasma. Practically all of the 750 liters of oxygen consumed in one day by a man weighing 150 pounds, doing moderately heavy work, is carried by the hemoglobin, which increases one hundred times the power of his blood to transport oxygen. If there were no hemoglobin, and the plasma alone had to supply the necessary oxygen, instead of the six liters of blood in the average person's body, 350 liters of plasma would be required.

The red blood cell is considered to be simply a container for the necessary hemoglobin. Its functioning has been compared by Dr. R. L. Haden, a prominent blood specialist, to a cup on an endless chain conveyer constantly making round trips from the lungs to the tissues under propulsion from the contractions of the heart. Shaped like two saucers attached back to back, the body of the red blood cell consists of a spongelike mass in whose meshes the hemoglobin is held. The anatomical characteristics of the cell provide a very large absorbing surface in proportion to its volume. It is estimated that the total surface of the red corpuscles of the human body represents an area of 3000 square meters, or fifteen times the surface of the body itself.

After birth, both the red blood

cells and the hemoglobin which they contain are formed in the marrow of the long and flat bones of the body. In normal health, the red cell count varies from 4.5 million to 6.2 million per cubic millimeter of blood — a droplet the size of a pinhead — with an average in the neighborhood of 5 million. Furthermore, the cells must be abundantly stocked with hemoglobin or they cannot carry out their function. Fifteen grams of hemoglobin for every hundred cubic centimeters of blood is considered normal. The life span of the corpuscle averages from thirty to eighty days, but large numbers are destroyed before they have outlived their usefulness. They are hurled from the heart into the arteries under considerable pressure and at a high velocity. They are exposed to jostling and innumerable collisions among themselves and with the arterial walls. They are forced through channels which are too narrow to permit their passage. As a result of these injuries and of the normal process of aging, about one trillion of the little hemoglobin containers are destroyed each day. These the bone marrow must constantly replace if the individual is to maintain his health.

The manufacture of hemoglobin and of the red blood cells is a complex and delicate process which may be easily upset. One of the more common causes of hemoglobin deficiency, with resultant anemia, is an insufficient supply of iron. Without this essential mineral, the marrow cannot produce

hemoglobin, and so the blood cells are sent into the circulatory system incapable of doing their work. This type of anemia is readily cured either by the addition of large amounts of iron-containing foods to the diet, or by the administration of concentrated iron in the form of medicines. More serious types of anemia caused by hemoglobin destruction are, fortunately, rarer. The heavy metals, such as lead, wreak havoc with the red cells, and people such as painters and printers who work with these materials must be wary. A lungful of the fumes of crude benzine or of carbon monoxide can destroy enough hemoglobin to cause instant death. A plant called the fava bean, found in some parts of Italy, is so strong that a mere sniff of its blossom can prove fatal. There are, in addition, many other types of anemia which are caused either by a lack of hemoglobin or by the destruction, in the blood stream, of initially healthy red cells. However, these forms of the disease are not very common. Usually, when the corpuscles are defective, it is because they were that way at birth, and the difficulty can be traced back to their birthplace — the bone marrow.

III

Pernicious anemia — the most common and the most virulent form of the disease — is caused whenever the bone marrow, instead of manufacturing normal, mature red cells, produces immature and deformed corpuscles

which are incapable of carrying sufficient oxygen to supply the body's needs. Scientists still do not completely understand the process whereby the marrow manufactures the red cells, but they have learned enough to enable them to treat most cases of pernicious anemia. Apparently, there are two materials which are necessary for the formation of healthy corpuscles. One of these substances, called the intrinsic factor, is found in the secretions of the normal stomach. The other, which has been designated the extrinsic factor, is probably supplied principally by the muscle meats and, to a lesser degree, by eggs, yeast, wheat germ, rice polishings and tomatoes. Following ingestion of muscle meat or other foods containing the extrinsic factor, a reaction occurs in the normal stomach between this and the intrinsic factor, to produce the anti-pernicious anemia factor, which is then stored in the liver for use by the bone marrow for the manufacture of red blood cells as they are needed. In the normal person, this anti-pernicious anemia substance is available constantly through its normal reservoir of supply — the liver — and the process of red cell production continues uninterruptedly throughout life. If, however, the normal mechanism of red cell production is altered by failure to eat food which will supply the extrinsic factor, by an absence or deficiency of the intrinsic factor, by failure of the liver to carry on its normal function as a storage center for the anti-pernicious anemia sub-

stance, or by some lesion of the digestive tract which hinders the utilization of this substance, there may be a failure to produce red blood cells in the normal manner, and the result will be pernicious anemia.

The person who is attacked by this blood disease may never suspect what his illness is, or even that he is seriously ill at all. Usually, the victim of pernicious anemia will feel a general sense of weakness and lassitude that will, if it becomes severe enough, send him to his doctor in time. Frequently, though, the blood cell count will drop to a dangerously low level without the patient suffering any discomfort serious enough to seem to require medical attention. There was one case of a 64-year-old electric car motorman, who walked into the out-patient department of a large city hospital for an examination. Although he had noticed a slight tendency to shortness of breath after exertion, this was not sufficiently severe to cause him to stop his work or to feel any alarm. His family and friends, however, insisted that he seek the advice of a physician because he looked rather pale, whereas he usually had a ruddy complexion. On examination, it was found that the man's red corpuscle count was one million cells per cubic millimeter with a hemoglobin level about 50 per cent of normal — a condition which would ordinarily force a patient to take to bed. Further studies conclusively established the diagnosis of pernicious anemia, and improvement quickly followed the administration of injec-

tions of liver extract. This patient was lucky because the doctors were able to detect and control the disease before it had caused the permanent damage to various vital parts of the body which frequently results from pernicious anemia.

IV

Acting, as it does, to deprive the cells of the oxygen which they need, pernicious anemia may result in serious injury to the gastro-intestinal system, the circulatory system or the nervous system, and may manifest itself in many ways apparently completely unrelated to the blood. These disguises frequently deceive a patient into believing that his disorder is a minor one and into postponing adequate medical treatment until it is too late. One of the commonest early indications of the disease, and one which may seem so trivial to the layman as to require no attention, is irritation of the tongue and mouth. Some people describe this complaint as a soreness of the tongue, as if it had been burned. Another frequent and unheeded symptom of the disease is persistent diarrhea. Sometimes the only sign of pernicious anemia may be a loss of appetite. One seventy-year-old woman had suffered from gastro-intestinal complaints for years before they became severe enough for her to consult a physician. For a full year, she had felt progressively weaker, had suffered from a sense of fullness in her stomach, from nausea, from heartburn and from loss of appetite. Examina-

tion showed that she had a severe case of pernicious anemia, and that she had had it for many years. Liver treatment was started and the old lady began to make some progress toward recovery, but it was too late to repair the damage which had been done to her gastro-intestinal tract, and she remained an invalid until she died two years later.

Pernicious anemia makes its most serious and irreparable inroads, however, upon the nervous system. Most of the time, the prompt and adequate administration of liver will control the anemia, giving the body a chance to restore the cells which have been killed by the lack of oxygen. Nerve tissue, though, is extremely sensitive, and once destroyed it is almost completely irreplaceable. Frequently, signs of nervous disorder will appear long before any of the other symptoms of pernicious anemia manifest themselves, and will deceive both the patient and his family concerning the true nature of the disease. One young woman had her father committed to a mental hospital when he became querulous, truculent and suspicious, and it was only when he was carefully examined by the admitting physician that anyone discovered he was a victim of pernicious anemia. Another patient came to the neurology clinic of a large hospital suffering from numerous complaints, none of which had led him to suspect he had pernicious anemia. His symptoms included progressive weakness, loss of voluntary control and partial anesthesia of both

legs, particularly of the feet, and a loss of equilibrium while standing or walking. He found it very difficult to walk without watching his feet and often fell. Increasing sexual weakness had been present for one-and-a-half years, and lately he had experienced a frequent urinary incontinence. Numbness and a tingling sensation in his fingers and toes bothered him. Poor memory was troublesome at his work as a clerk in a freight yard, and he had become irritable, sensitive and antagonistic. A diagnosis of pernicious anemia was established, and liver injections soon raised the blood cell count to a fairly high level. However, the doctors could do almost nothing to restore the nerve cells which had been destroyed, and to this day the man continues to suffer from most of his neurological complaints.

V

It is this inability of the liver treatment to cure the nervous disorders commonly associated with pernicious anemia, as well as the frequent allergic reactions and the occasional liver-recalcitrant case, which has made the scientists continue their search for new and better treatments. One of the most promising of these is folic acid, part of the B vitamin complex. In 1945, Dr. Tom D. Spies of the Birmingham Nutrition Clinic announced that he had tested folic acid on 24 patients afflicted with pernicious anemia and with other blood cell disorders. Only persons who had never been treated in any other way

were chosen for the experiment. The results were extremely encouraging. A dose of less than ten milligrams — about the amount of material on the head of a match — stirred sluggish bone marrow to production of red blood cells in approximately three days. Later investigators reported, however, that folic acid did not seem to raise the cell count to as high a level as would be expected with liver treatment, nor did it have much effect on the neurological symptoms. And so the search for a better treatment continued.

Within the past year, two new discoveries have been announced which, while they may not prove to be the perfect answer to the problem, indicate that the scientists are making remarkable progress along the road toward final success. One of these new discoveries is vitamin B-12, another of the B complex family, which was recently isolated by a team of scientists headed by Dr. Mary S. Shorb of the University of Maryland. Tried clinically by such outstanding blood specialists as Dr. Spies, Dr. Randolph West of Columbia University, and Dr. Paul L. Day of the University of Arkansas, this newly discovered vitamin seems to hold out great promise for the treatment of pernicious anemia and other blood cell diseases.

Even more recently, a team of scientists at the famous Lederle Laboratories announced the discovery of a new vitamin, perhaps related to vitamin B-12, which is produced by micro-organisms. Tests made at West-

ern Reserve University indicate that this new substance, too, is extremely effective in the treatment of pernicious anemia. The real significance of this latest discovery, however, lies in the fact that it is the first time that any anti-pernicious anemia vitamin has been extracted from a source other than animal liver. So minute is the amount of vitamin B-12 present in liver that one ton of liver is required to yield one gram of the active substance. (A dime weighs two-and-a-half grams.) The discovery of a micro-organism that can synthesize this vital substance or one with similar red blood cell building properties in practically limitless quantities at a reasonable cost is an important advance.

Whether the new vitamins will replace liver as the standard treatment

for pernicious anemia, or whether they will be the answer to some of the objections and the limitations of liver therapy, is yet to be determined. With research in the treatment of the disease advancing so rapidly, however, there seems to be great hope that the doctors will soon have this blood disease under perfect control. In the meantime, the most important problem for the layman is prompt and proper diagnosis. Because it is so deceptive, pernicious anemia can be diagnosed only by a physician. Self-diagnosis and self-medication with the innumerable patent "blood-builders" on the market may be disastrous. Diagnosed and treated in time, pernicious anemia need not worry anyone. Undiagnosed and untreated, it may lead to permanent injury and to death.

WAITING

BY DOROTHY WAUGH

Our lives have been made up of waiting.
This is not the sign
That nature gave. The miracle divine,
Compelling spirit and the flesh to mating,
Requires that the tempest in the fate-charged heart
Burst bonds in glory, lightning-clad depart.

Living a Good Life with a Bad Heart



1. To look at him, you would never guess that there is anything wrong with this man's heart. He is just a bit over 50 years old, active, happy, and getting a lot of enjoyment out of life—yet he has heart disease.

Like everyone else his age, his heart had beaten about *one and three quarter billion times*. Of course it was not as strong or as adaptable to sudden de-

mands as it had been in youth, but he had no warning signs of heart trouble.

As a result of periodic medical examinations, his doctor was able to detect his impaired heart *early*, when chances for improvement are best. Today, by following his physician's advice, this man can lead a useful life of nearly normal activity.

2. He enjoys many mild forms of exercise, but carefully avoids any *overexertion* which might further strain his weakened heart.



3. By eating moderately, he lightens the work of his heart during digestion. This helps to avoid overweight, which is always a burden for the heart.



4. He is able to carry on his daily work, but allows plenty of time for sleep and rest. His heart then will have a chance to rest, too.



5. He maintains a calm and cheerful outlook, for his doctor explained that fear, worry, or nervousness might make his condition more serious.



MEDICAL SCIENCE has made many advances in treating heart ailments and more research than ever is being done on these diseases. The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life insurance companies, is devoting all its resources to studies of this problem. For other helpful information about heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 29L, entitled "Your Heart."

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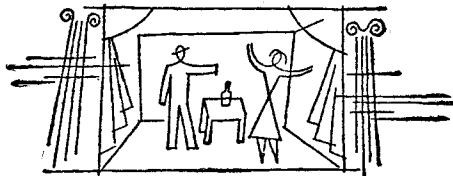


1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



MR. SHUBERT AND THE CRITICS

MR. J. J. SHUBERT on behalf of his nationally known and influential firm recently dispatched to the publishers of the New York newspapers a lengthy protest, which I quote verbatim in essential part:

"As owners and lessees of the majority of the legitimate theatres in New York, we wish to place before you a request for relief from an intolerable situation which has grown up steadily over the years and which might easily spell financial disaster for the legitimate theatre in New York. This season, in particular, we are threatened with adverse conditions still more unfavorable than those which have prevailed in the recent past. Back of this unfortunate situation is the lack of attractions to fill even the few legitimate theatres still left in this city. There are very few productions to replace those that have failed. The condition of which we complain makes it very difficult for producers to get further money to

make new shows. Just within the last month there have been nine new productions, all forced to close immediately owing to the adverse criticism in the newspapers.

"This situation can only be remedied by the publishers of the New York dailies. As the owner of an important newspaper, you have it in your power to help the legitimate theatre business.

"Our dilemma is the ever growing power which has been assumed by the drama reviewers, *who now have in their hands the very life of our business.* It is doubtful that you intended to confer such power on so small a group of men. This is not a protest against any particular critic; it is a protest against a practice which has grown to a condition fast destroying our business, to say nothing of forcing the entire legitimate theatre in New York to dwindle in importance.

"When a play is condemned outright, after an opening performance, the public's reaction is not to attend. The theatre becomes dark and remains so for weeks or months until we

get some other production. Before a new play can be furnished to replace the closed one, there is almost invariably a long period of delay pending preparation and a long period of unemployment for those who depend on the theatre for a livelihood.

"The theatre is the only private enterprise selected for this kind of treatment by the press. We are not a public utility. We are not 'touchy' about legitimate criticism. We realize the majority of plays are not and cannot be outstanding hits. But the average show should not be condemned entirely. It must have some merit or else it wouldn't have been produced. If the critics persist in condemning plays, producers will be unable to get financial assistance. The critic tries to make himself important by wisecrack headlines. When he reviews a play he does not say what is good and what is bad. It was always our impression that it was a critic's duty to say something descriptive of the contents of a play. I do not think you gentlemen who control our destinies are truly cognizant of the present state of affairs. There was a time when critics did criticize fairly, but this does not prevail any more.

"We are in a lawful business. You accept our advertising, as you would that of any other lawful business, and the mere fact that you accept our advertising is proof that you consider us legitimate and first-class. You do not attack the product of any other advertiser.

"The methods that have been used

by the critics, particularly in the past twenty years, have done more to destroy the legitimate theatre than any other factor. I think it is appropriate for the publisher to recognize this condition that exists as a matter of fair practice of one businessman to another.

"The substantial investment which goes into each theatre is always at stake, because you have delegated to your critic the power to use your newspaper as an instrument of destruction whenever his whim leads him to that direction. The practice of true journalism does not call for vesting so great a power in one man's hands, particularly when he pits his own opinion against that of the audience. So frequently the entire audience enthusiastically receives a play opening night, and the producer has every reason to believe that he has satisfied the public, only to find that the critic stands out alone and disagrees. This is due to the practice of permitting and encouraging the critic to voice his own personal preference and give way to his own particular whim concerning a performance. He ignores the ovation that many plays receive from the audience and sacrifices everything in favor of an opportunity to give vent to some wisecrack or quip against some particular feature of the play.

"Not infrequently the critic leaves the theatre long before the final closing, presumably to meet a deadline. He cannot judge an entire play if he only witnesses a part. Perhaps if he

remained and observed the acclaim and plaudits of the audience so many plays receive, it would temper his own usually hostile judgment and lead him to add to his report the reception and response of the paying customers. In the final analysis it is for the general public, and not the critics, for whom plays are produced. However, the customary review is written from the personal viewpoint of the critic who completely loses sight of the fact the show might still have a great appeal to the average playgoer. That is the type of criticism which we cannot combat.

"You should therefore be able to recognize that we cannot remain in business where millions of dollars are at stake if the type of dramatic criticism is to continue which whittles away hundreds of thousands of dollars of investment with the publishing of each adverse criticism."

II

Though the force of Mr. Shubert's protest, as of his concern over the unbearable losses suffered by his firm due to the kind of criticism he objects to, was somewhat weakened by the published news a few days later that he and his company had purchased four theatres for a sum in excess of three million dollars, his arguments nevertheless bear looking into. With some of them, any fair-minded person must sympathize. It is true, for example, that generally condemnatory newspaper reviews often spell the doom of a newly produced play, with conse-

quent loss of the considerable amount of money invested in it. A loss to the owner of the theatre in which it has been booked also results. This is naturally and properly deplored by any good businessman. It is also true that the public often follows the reviews, sometimes foolishly, since they are at times badly at fault and unjust. It is further true that there are times when new productions to fill the void left by the failures are lacking and that the consequence is temporarily vacant theatres. And it is true that empty theatres are undesirable. So far, there is much to be said for Mr. Shubert's contention.

There are, as well, additional sound arguments which he might have brought forth if he had thought of them, but these can not under the direct circumstances concern us. Many of the arguments he has brought forth, on the other hand are poor ones, and these do concern us, these and several errors in fact.

That the reviewers possess the over-all power which Mr. Shubert contends is nonsense. *Summer and Smoke* was a success in the face of a majority of adverse reviews; and so was *Love Life*; and so was *Red Gloves*; and so was *Where's Charley?*; and so, despite a number of unfavorable notices, were *Small Wonder* and *Inside U. S. A.* Last season *The Telephone* and *The Medium*, *Allegro*, *For Love or Money*, *Strange Bedfellows*, *Me and Molly*, and some others managed very well without the reviewers' general favor. And it has been the same in other recent

seasons. All the enthusiastic reviews of a *Ballet Ballads* could not, contrarily, bring it prosperity.

"The theatre is the only private enterprise selected for this kind of treatment by the press," says Mr. Shubert. What of book publishers and the newspaper literary critics? What of the motion pictures, radio and television, and the newspaper commentators on them? What of baseball, prize-fighting, and other organized sports?

"The average show should not be condemned entirely. It must have some merit or else it wouldn't have been produced," continues Mr. Shubert. The average show thus far in the season has not had some merit and its production clearly indicates that the person or persons responsible for it were at least on this occasion absurdly mistaken. Would Mr. Shubert seriously contend that such duds as, for example, *The Vigil*, *Seeds in the Wind*, *Sleepy Hollow*, *Hilarities*, *Heaven on Earth*, *A Story for Strangers*, *Grandma's Diary*, *Time for Elizabeth*, *Town House*, *The Leading Lady*, or *For Heaven's Sake*, *Mother!*, had such merit, even though one or two of the reviewers seemed generously inclined to detect it? Mr. Shubert is surely too experienced in the theatre, even as a businessman, honestly to believe any such bosh. How, furthermore, can a critic say what is good and bad in a play when there is nothing good to speak about?

As to the "critic's duty to say something descriptive of the contents

of a play," Mr. Shubert is right. But what daily newspaper critic does not usually say it? What daily newspaper critic, further, does not usually say it at such length that one sometimes gets the impression he is thereby simply and desperately filling up space for want of something else about the play to occupy him? The recording of plots has indeed been carried to such extremes that much reviewing has been a trial on the reader. And as for the critic's effort "to make himself important by wisecrack headlines," when has a critic ever gained importance through recourse to vaudeville jokes? However, even granting the wisecracks—a term currently used miscellaneously to describe everything from a remark by Wilde or Shaw to one by Joe E. Lewis or Milton Berle—what is the objection to brightening a review of a dull play by any means whatsoever? The dull play deserves no respect and the critic who would treat it seriously would be an ass.

III

"There was a time," proceeds Mr. Shubert, "when critics did criticize fairly, but this does not prevail any more." Though Mr. Shubert in an interview published in one of the Washington newspapers not long ago paid me the compliment of excepting me from the general run of reviewers and accordingly calls for my admiration, he should be reminded that, in the time he speaks of, his firm barred from its theatres no less than

four of the fair critics to whom he alludes. (I did not consider at least two of them to be fair, but he apparently does.)

"You accept our advertising . . . [but] you do not attack the product of any other advertisers." As I have asked before, doesn't Mr. Shubert read the reviews of books and moving pictures, much more heavily advertised than plays?

Mr. Shubert refers to the newspapers as powerful instruments of destruction. Has he not meditated that 84 per cent of them could not defeat Roosevelt, 72 per cent could not defeat Truman, 96 per cent could not kill the gigantic sales of *Forever Amber*, and 97 per cent could not keep the public from *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Tobacco Road*?

The audience's enthusiastic reception of a play on the opening night, as Mr. Shubert perfectly well knows, often means absolutely nothing. Such receptions are a regular occurrence, and are arbitrary and mechanical. Not one play or show in thirty fails to find its audience, composed largely of friends of the actors, playwright, costumer, scene designer and management, politely vociferous in approval. The critic who would be fooled by any such bogus response, presuming he were willing to be fooled, would be an ass even greater than the one who would treat a dull play or show with affected respect. As for the critic's leaving an obviously impossible play or show before it is over, I refer the reader to the paragraphs on the sub-

ject in the preceding issue of this magazine.

The notion, furthermore, that the critic is "usually hostile" is ridiculous. The average critic does not go to the theatre determined to be disappointed; he goes always in the fond hope that he may have a good time. If he didn't, he would quickly tire of his job and look elsewhere for a livelihood. For this you have my solemn word as one of the breed, and after 42 years in hopeful practice.

"The customary review," says Mr. Shubert, "is written from the personal viewpoint of the critic who completely loses sight of the fact the show might still have a great appeal to the average playgoer." How, we may ask Mr. Shubert, can the critic possibly divine if a show might have a great appeal to the average playgoer? If producers can not be sure of that appeal, and the records sufficiently prove that they can not, how expect a critic to exceed them in the art of soothsaying? The only fair procedure for any reviewer is to express his personal viewpoint and let things rest there. If he were able to tell that a show, despite his personal opinion of it, would nevertheless in all probability enchant the public he would be a phenomenon and worth at least \$300,000 a year to any producer in an advisory capacity. Can Mr. Shubert foresee the great public appeal of a show? If he can, his estimable brother Lee should take him to task for the periodic failures he has produced.

Finally, Mr. Shubert's idea that

"hundreds of thousands of dollars of investment are whittled away with the publishing of each adverse criticism" would mean that, if one of the daily reviewers lambasted a play which all the others lavishly praised, the single adverse review would bring about a loss of the great sum of money he mentions, an idea that every record in existence blows up as folly. Few of the productions that have made fortunes have ever been unanimously endorsed by the reviewers; there has usually been some minority opinion to the contrary.

IV

Mr. Shubert's complaint, as I observed in the beginning, is understandable from his point of view, which is the making of dollars, and I

certainly am not criticizing him for it. If I were in his shoes, I should probably think and feel about things much the way he does. But, though I am not a daily newspaper reviewer and therefore not within the scope of his protest, I also do not happen to be in his shoes. The shoes I am in are those of one who views the theatre as something a little higher and better and more important than a mere mart of trade and, while the view true enough does not cost me, as it sometimes costs him, money, I nevertheless somehow cannot see the virtue of demanding that reviewers, dumb as they occasionally doubtless are, be forced into equivocal and dishonesty in their effort, sometimes grantedly blind, to provide that theatre with some artistic standing and glory.

FORSAKING HAMELIN

BY MARY POOLE

I am waiting for a passerby
to bid me follow through a needle's eye:
perhaps, incognito, a capuchin,
or just a gipsy with a violin.

When I hear a brief archaic tune
sweet as the golden apple of the moon
I'll follow him by paths of amethyst
into the future, and in silence rest.

THE PUERTO RICAN PROBLEM

BY ALIDA MALKUS

FOR the first time in its 450 years of recorded history, Puerto Rico elected its own governor last fall. The election has resulted in considerable jubilation and heightened morale, which is noticeable from the thatched *bohio* of the "hillbilly" — the *jibaro* — to the domed *Capitolio* in the city of San Juan.

After all, Puerto Ricans have been citizens of the United States since 1917. Yet they have never voted for President, or for the Congress which says they can't refine their own sugar. Their Spanish *dignidad* has been seriously challenged by a semi-colonial status. Tension and unrest were considerably eased when, two years ago, President Truman appointed an island-elected Resident Commissioner, Jesus T. Piñero, as the first native governor.

To the average American, Puerto Rico is associated with sugar, slums, poverty and agitated press releases. But today our colonial outpost, the "Gibraltar of the Caribbean," is capturing newspaper space because of its New Deal. The island is working with

almost feverish intensity to achieve the transition from a "feudal serfdom" to a self-sustaining democracy. Most Puerto Ricans are anxious to prove that they are capable not only of running their own government, but of building up industry where industry has never been before. The insular government has already put millions into the development of new enterprises. Now, in order to carry on, it is asking for an extended RFC loan of \$2 billion. Meanwhile Puerto Ricans are wooing outside capital with a delightfully warm climate, abundant labor, cheap transportation — and no taxes.

The twelve-year Tax-Free Holiday declared last summer is one of the most interesting experiments ever made in the Western Hemisphere. Puerto Rico is, at present, exempt from all Federal taxes. And the island got an extra shot in the arm when it had \$68 million, collected from the rum excise tax, returned to it by this country during the war. Rum-rich, and pardonably exhilarated from the unexpectedly available funds, it

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launched its own industrial program.

Despite its poverty (85 per cent of all Puerto Ricans have an average income under \$400 a year), the island's per capita income is still three times greater than that of the Dominican Republic and eight times that of Haiti. It has better roads than any other Caribbean island and spends more on health and education.

But these apparently cheerful facts are overshadowed by one other fact — the central fact in any discussion of "the Puerto Rican problem." The fact is that a baby is born every nine minutes in Puerto Rico. The population, now 2.5 million, has a natural rate of increase of 28 per 1000 (1500 per cent greater than the continental United States' and among the highest in the world). Its population density is 614 persons to the square mile and is steadily increasing. If all the people of the world, 2 billion of them, were suddenly set down in the United States, and if the United States had no industrial employment and almost no resources — then we would be in Puerto Rico's predicament.

The island is about half the size of New Jersey. Its 3500 square miles are composed of a million and a half acres of beautiful rocks and coral hills and less than a million acres of arable land. About half these arable acres are still in sugar cane, a tremendously valuable crop. But the proceeds have always gone to the large owners and growers, and as soon as the *zafra* (sugar harvest) is in, there is no labor to be done

for six months. Thus 54 per cent of the farm labor — or half the total population — has traditionally been idle for half the year.

Since the land reform, the insular government has bought back some of the cane land and has allotted small plots to laborers and small farmers. Cane growing on a small scale has increased, as has the cultivation of tobacco and coffee, which were once major crops. But the land question has not yet been satisfactorily solved. The new government-owned sugar central at Cambalache, an experiment in a "proportional profits" arrangement, may indicate a future solution. It pays the worker who makes \$300 a year an additional \$160 as his share. The small farmer can drive as little as one truckload of cane up to the sugar mill, get it ground and be paid for it, all with a maximum of convenience and efficiency.

II

In San Juan it is hard to realize that there is serious poverty among the majority of the islanders. The windows are full of new refrigerators and electric stoves, the narrow old streets and the spacious boulevards are both jammed with shiny new cars. The papers are full of news about society functions and fabulous pageants for charitable causes, where the costuming (at the expense of the participants) obviously costs far more than any receipts that might be taken in.

The influence of the United States is seen everywhere. Puerto Rico is

fanático about baseball. The island team knocked the spots off the New York "Yanquis" last year, and some of the players make continental teams. On the radio one hears frantic announcements of "*jon-ron, a tu-bey, one heet.*" And from *beis-bol* and *hais-krim* to *coc-tel* (these are the phonetic equivalents as spelled in the Spanish newspapers) there is a ready adoption of "continental" customs. The important government official will close a formal conversation in dignified Spanish with a cheerful "Hokay!"

And there is a heady excitement in the air of the island. Almost everywhere you go something new seems to be happening. If Puerto Rico succeeds in changing her one-sided economy inside a decade, much less in six years, it will be a heartening example of the possibilities of democracy.

The capital is a delightful city lying between the ocean front and its historic harbor; there is blue water at the end of every street. Old San Juan is almost unchanged behind its massive ancient wall, and the fortresses of El Morro and San Cristobal are still being used by our troops. It is hard to appreciate the fact that you are in a poor country when you drive along the Condado, past the handsome modern houses on a superb ocean front, or when you drink one of the island's famous rum punches on the tiled terraces of the Hotel Condado. The public buildings are white, red-tiled and handsome, unbesmirched by smoke. The elegance

of the dining room on top of the Bankers' Club is equalled by the gourmet's lunch they serve. The view across San Juan harbor cannot be surpassed.

But get out into the countryside and drive along the edge of the great cane and pineapple plantations, and you can see easily enough why the farm laborer is so poor. The fields are planted right up to the edge of the hibiscus hedges which separate them from the road; there are not two feet of space for growing anything else. Cane fields have no room for pigs or chickens. The tiny houses of the workers cling together, compressed into a minimum of space, or else they sprawl haphazardly in some sandy cocoanut grove.

The want of the people is even more apparent in the city slums, which during the war years were swelled by country folk looking for jobs. Even in good times, 250,000 out of a labor force of 600,000 are without work, while some 160,000 more are seriously under-employed. And 17,000 new workers are added to the list of employables every year.

It is these thousands whom the new industries will employ. Puerto Rico's program rose out of her predicament.

"It all began," said a Puerto Rico writer, "as a romantic movement to help the people. Muñoz Marín led the movement; he is back of it all."

Luis Muñoz Marín, the newly-elected governor of Puerto Rico and leader of the Popular Democratic

party, has been variously described. Rexford Guy Tugwell, who was governor of Puerto Rico from 1941 to 1946, says Muñoz is "one of the two greatest leaders of men today, he and Nehru." Others consider him a political opportunist, an impractical romantic or a downright menace. The Independentistas say he has betrayed the island. That he is "a Roosevelt on the radio" is generally admitted. That he "runs the island" is also conceded. He is a hard man for any Puerto Rican political organization to buck: in the 1948 election his Popular Democrats got 62 per cent of the vote.

The grounds of Muñoz Marín's simple country place at Rio Piedras are surrounded by two heavy wire fences, topped with electrified barbed wire. The gate is barred and locked, and guards spring up to identify callers. These perhaps excessive precautions can be traced to Albizu Campos, the Nationalist Independentista leader, who made a speech upon his release from Albany prison to the effect that Muñoz should be exterminated. Albizu was later quoted as saying that he meant only from politics; but the Popular party is taking no chances.

Muñoz Marín comes out to greet his guests. "This is your house," he will say warmly. He is a big man, with great vitality and a deep personal interest in this "New Deal" program for his native island. Educated in the States — at Columbia University — he speaks fluent English, which he renders more expressive by an ex-

tensive use of his hands, shoulders and eyes. His affection for the *jibaros* is apparent throughout his talk.

It is already legend in the hills how he taught them not to sell their votes, roaming the uplands on foot, on horse, or in an old jalopy. "I'd say to a man," he'll recall, " 'Did you vote this time, *amigo*?' 'No, I did not vote,' he'd say, 'because Don Juan said what good would it do me? But two dollars for me, and two for my son, that would buy rice and *bacalao*. Was that wrong? For *food*?' 'No,' I'd say, 'But it was foolish, *amigo*. If you'd all get together and vote for the right man and elect him, he'd get you food and land and steady jobs.' This year 169,000 new voters registered, and most everyone votes."

The barefoot *jibaros* come down from the mountains today, walking miles to see how their government works, and they are welcome to come in and be heard in the "Garden Senate" which meets every day under the trees in Muñoz's garden. "Palm Tree politics" the rival party calls it, but law under the laurels shuts no one out. "The minute the people lose faith in us," Muñoz says, "out we go!" The result is that people are always waiting for him, in the garden, on the veranda, inside. Often he does not sit down to dinner until eleven at night.

III

The men who prepared the Six Year Plan (1948-1953) of the Popular Democratic party estimate that 1948's

revenue was \$85,896,707 of which some \$23 million was collected through the income tax. (In 1940 only \$2.5 was taken from income taxes. In 1949 they expect \$30 million.) The plan has allotted \$84,602,234 to public works and reduction of the debt.

It is significant that \$12 million in insular funds, and another \$2 million in Federal funds, were spent for health improvement measures the past year. The millions spent by Washington in the past on health, sanitation and education bore fruit in a lowering of the death rate in Puerto Rico, and in reducing the incidence of malaria and enteritis. Rockefeller funds also contributed greatly toward this. "But today the chief cause of death is tuberculosis," Dr. Pons, a graduate of a first-rate American medical school, told me. "It's caused by malnutrition and overcrowding. And yet the general mortality dropped last year from 15.8 to 12 per 1000. In 1940 it was 18.4." Dr. Pons is in charge of the entire health program of the island, including all the schools and clinics. Infant mortality has been decreased from an appalling high to 71 per 1000, he said.

The schools cannot keep pace with the children. There are fewer schools in proportion to the number of children than there were 25 years ago, and almost all schools are forced to hold only half-day sessions. But even here there are grounds for some encouragement. The illiteracy rate has dropped from 79 to 29 per cent. All

schoolchildren are being X-rayed for tuberculosis, and hot school lunches are supplied free in a number of schools.

Housing is an even more critical problem in Puerto Rico than in the States, and of the 250,000 inhabitants of San Juan some 40,000 live in slums. The Federal Housing Authority has built four *caserios*, or apartment houses, providing 600 apartments, any one of which the average low-bracket home hunter in the United States would snap up gratefully. They rent from \$2.50 to \$25 a month, depending on the family income. Destitute families are carried until they are on their feet. Most of the families have working breadwinners, however, and manage to keep up their rent.

But there are not enough of these apartments, or enough funds to build them, and the population keeps outstripping housing projects. One is continually hearing of plans to take the people out of the slums — beautiful plans and models — but there is not enough financing. Meanwhile the slums continue to be denounced by writers and visitors. Were it not for the sun and the fresh ocean air which blows continually over them, and for the constant spraying of insecticides — these slumdweller's conditions would be utterly appalling. La Perla, a famous slum district just outside the walls of old San Juan, sprawls down the cliff into the sea, its base wet with ocean spray. Next to La Perla lies the old cemetery. Any one of the marble angels of the city of the dead would

buy a proper house for the living next door.

The slum and the cemetery occupy two of the most valuable real estate sites on the island, fronting the ocean. La Perla's wooden shacks are so close together it's virtually impossible to put your hand between them. It has no sewage (the rain takes care of that), but goats, naked babies and game cocks mingle in the dirt and debris, thronged with from ten to twelve thousand people.

El Fanguito, the celebrated Little Mud, is, on the whole, worse than La Perla. It is built in the tidal mud and sewage at the South end of San Juan harbor. Its tiny shacks stand on stilts, and the tightly packed settlement reaches five miles back to Rio Piedras. The mud is filled with sewage, garbage and tins, so that the houses have to be approached mainly over plank bridges. Sometimes its residents take off their shoes and stockings and wade in and out of the place.

Quite a few of the slumdweller have good jobs and make as much as \$25 a week, and some even get between \$50 and \$100. One man owns three trucks and makes around \$1000 a month. Social Service investigators insist that many slumdweller do not want to move. Since they are squatting on government land, they do not pay rent or taxes (except for those who are sub-letting to other slumdweller). Only last year some residents of El Fanguito went on strike and picketed the Fortaleza when the government said it was going to move them out.

"I live in Fanguito," said the chambermaid at the hotel. "Some of the houses are very clean inside. I paid \$200 for my house — there was no other place to live — but now that it is painted, I would not sell it for \$400. We try to clean things up; the Alcaldesa is helping us." And yet in Fanguito there was, until 1947, only one faucet to a thousand people. The Alcaldesa has since increased the number.

Instead of relying on Federal funds to house the growing population, the island Industrial Development Company has let contracts to an FHA builder sent down from the States for a minimum of 11,000 houses, more than half of which are already built. "We're not asking charity," says Sr. Moscoso, head of the Company, "we just want investment and cooperation."

IV

There is no race feeling on the island; this question is apparently non-existent (although many of the old Spanish families hold themselves aloof socially), and the Puerto Rican never tastes discrimination until he comes up to the States. The children of the rich and poor attend the same schools. Most of the students in the University of Puerto Rico come from families whose income is around \$1000 a year, and they have to make great sacrifices to get an education.

Those who arrive at the university stage are so moved by the desire for independence, so convinced that were

they freed from the United States they could solve all their own problems, that they have been, it is claimed, easy prey for Communists. Because of this the young Chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico has one of the hardest jobs on the island. Jaime Benitez, who was educated in the States and imbibed many of his ideas under Hutchins in Chicago, has a deep appreciation of the heritage and high spirit of Latin-American youth. But twice he has found it expedient actually to close the University because of violent student demonstrations. Stirred up by the return to the island of the Nationalist, Albízu Campos, who had the support of the Communists, two students pulled down the American flag on the campus and raised the Puerto Rican flag in its place. After the second offense the Chancellor expelled them. Then the student body went on strike, demanding that Benitez resign.

The students feel, apparently, that independence at any price is desirable, and that Puerto Rico would be financially secure and independent if its own industry were allowed to expand. Like the Independentistas, many of the students have a morbid preoccupation with their "colonial status."

Benitez has been one of the best cultural influences on the island. In an insular community lacking museums, concerts or professional theatres, he has persuaded artists and educators from other countries to come to Puerto Rico. The University choral society is notable, and its traveling

theatre is becoming increasingly popular through the countryside.

The University has been accepted by the Midwestern University Association. It has an enrollment of 7000, half of whom are at the Agricultural Experimental School at Mayaguez, and it is now expanding to take care of a sub-collegiate trades school, which will be able to enroll another 5000 students. Mayaguez has the largest collection of tropical plants in the world. It is growing orchids in half the usual time, is perfecting a new type of vanilla, and has made the sugar cane harder and less vulnerable to worms — though not as easy to chew.

The University's School of Tropical Medicine, handsomely housed on the ocean front, has already brought benefits to every tropical country. The greatest enemy of the tropics today is Bilharzia, which is prevalent in India, Egypt and Puerto Rico. It is a worm-like, parasitical infection caught from fresh-water clams, which so debilitates its victims that they are unable to work. No sure cure has been found yet, but the drug *fuadin* makes the infection inactive for a time.

v

Just how do Puerto Ricans expect to improve their economic status? First of all, they aim to export as much as they import. Today they are our largest customer, but the balance of trade is several million dollars in our favor.

Puerto Rico has been handicapped, to put it mildly, by a paucity of natural resources. About all the island

can boast in natural wealth is silicate for glass and bottle works, sand and rock for cement plants, and paper waste and sugar *bagasse* for cartons. And of course the native skill which annually produces \$25 million worth of exportable needlework goods, which is quietly produced in tiny homes and ateliers. But skilled machine work is needed badly.

Puerto Rico had been importing all her shoes. Today the new shoe factory in Ponce bills \$85,000 a month for shoes, all of them for Puerto Ricans. The factory has nearly 300 workers, and has received an order from a New England retail chain store for 300 cases (with 36 pairs to a case) of palm fibre shoes. In Cabo Rojo 300 women are weaving the uppers for these shoes. An interesting sidelight of this business is the fact that no healthy trees are sacrificed. The best fibre for weaving comes from sick palms, the thickened leaves of which split easily into the long strands that are needed.

On the Caribbean coast, where the salt marshes laid waste acres that might have been in sugar cane, salt fields have been developed, turning what might have been a liability into an asset. And the ubiquitous hard-grained bamboo which grows luxuriantly along waterways, or on flinty hillsides, is now supporting an interesting little industry in superior fish-poles (a million were produced in 1947). A demand has also been created for bamboo furniture, where previously well-to-do islanders would buy only mahogany and rare woods.

There is a privately owned cement industry outside Ponce, where the dry climate makes it possible to keep the cement in uncovered storage; there are two new candy factories (why wasn't this thought of earlier, in a sugar land?); and Textron Inc., one of the largest textile concerns in the United States, has arranged for Puerto Rico's first textile plant, which will be partly financed by the Puerto Rico Industrial Development Company bank. Probably two or three additional mills will be built, as Textron claims to be delighted with the location, and millions of yards of cotton should soon be coming out of Puerto Rico. A flour mill for Cargill, Inc., will also be built in Ponce. The Puerto Rico Development Company has partly financed 23 different factories.

At the time the government undertook to establish industry on the island, there was no other way to create jobs. But the government had no intention of taking over industry from private enterprise, and it is handing over the ownership of all factories as rapidly as possible to individual corporations or owners.

"We need help," says Muñoz Marín. "By private enterprise, and by prayer. Independence? How could we manage the economic conditions and obligations that go with either statehood or independence? Without special consideration Puerto Rico would collapse tomorrow. To get statehood in exchange for production would be like getting a chauffeur's license in

exchange for an automobile. As it is, the island is going places."

The last of the "resources" Nature has given the island, but certainly not least, is — the climate. This, combined with the beautiful tropical beaches and bathing areas, is counted on to bring a tourist trade to the island when Puerto Rico is ready, and when resort hotels are built.

The island is five hours by air, and a thousand miles further out into the Atlantic than the continental United States. It is a thousand miles nearer the African coast. It is because of this geography that our Navy maintains an outpost on Puerto Rico, and has built the greatest drydock in the world, and what is potentially the greatest airfield (its expansion has been provided for), on the eastern end of the island.

Before President Truman's visit to Puerto Rico in 1948, the Army and Navy went around the island painting out the occasional "Down With Yanqui Imperialism" signs. The University youth were dissuaded from picketing the President's quarters to ex-

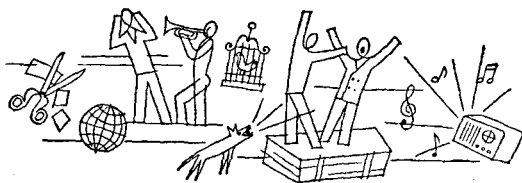
press their resentment at his veto against restoring Spanish as the language of the upper schools. (Yet Puerto Ricans take pride in speaking English, and their English is better than the Spanish of most "continentals," as they call us.) They seem to be emerging from what one writer called a "psychopathic preoccupation, a persecution complex, concerning their problems." They are beginning to discover themselves culturally.

"We owe the United States a lot," Teodoro Moscoso, President of the Puerto Rico Development Company, said appreciatively. "For protection, for great financial help, for stimulating contact with a great nation. And although much has been said of 'the Rape of Puerto Rico' by thoughtless sugar corporations, the time has passed in which we could lay all our troubles to a sugar economy. We are looking ahead. The first steps towards solving a complex colonial problem have been taken. . . ."

The sudden brightness of his expression showed that the Puerto Rican question is being solved.



THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. The call issued in this place recently for manuscripts dealing fairly and objectively with such "irregular" healing professions as chiropractic, osteopathy and naturopathy has brought forth a considerable correspondence from the "irregular" practitioners themselves and also from the orthodox medical doctors. Some of the correspondents, especially those opposed to the "medical trust" and carrying on their unorthodox practice in smaller communities in the South and the Middle West, were somewhat abusive (as well as ungrammatical) in their communications, but most were only inflamed with a desire to state their case. We are already considering several articles on various healing arts and sciences, and if any measure up to our requirements, we shall print them. . . . A number of friendly readers who are professional or amateur etymologists have inquired whether we are open to free-lance contributions to our department of Phrase Origins. The answer is definitely yes, though we

must add that at the moment we have enough on hand to last us for almost a year. We want to assure all the aforementioned friendly etymologists, however, that no truly first-rate Phrase Origin will be turned down. For that matter, we never turn down anything really first-rate that falls within our editorial range, no matter how stocked-up we are with material. . . . One of our very able and valued contributors, Richard L. Neuberger (who wrote two excellent profiles of Senators Wayne Morse and Glen Taylor, and an article on the Canol Project, for us), was elected to the Oregon State Senate last November 2 with the largest total ever received by a legislative candidate in the state's history. We offer our congratulations to Mr. Neuberger. A professional author who is universally respected, he will continue his writing, and we are happy to report that he is now working on several articles for the MERCURY, which will be published during the year. . . . Apparently because of remarks made here from time to time about our search for religious articles, we have

of late become the fairly regular recipients of several very hefty religious periodicals. One of the editors, who specializes in reading almost anything that is printed, has already gone through a number of these periodicals, and he reports that American religious journals seem to be in a very healthy state: they are bulky, full of news, and fat with advertising. This apparently is true not only of the religious journals published in the large cities of the North, Middle West, and the Pacific Coast, but also of those in the reputedly less opulent sections of the country. One weekly religious organ, published in Atlanta, Georgia, has hardly ever come out, during the past six months, with less than 32 pages, and the amount of paid advertising in it would please any business manager. All of which gives us an idea, namely, that it would please us very much to print an impartial, informative article on the religious press of the United States. This press is clearly very much alive, and doubtless wields a considerable influence. It may well be that the subject merits more than one article. We look forward to hearing from journalists who are willing to work hard and who can write acceptably.



The staff historian reports that the *MERCURY*, like nearly all other magazines of its type, seldom prints articles on archaeology, astronomy, botany, ichthyology and related sciences. This seems strange indeed. Surely

there is much of interest to the general reader in every one of these subjects. Can it be that the men and women involved in them are too shy to write for a general audience? We doubt it. In any case, we hereby extend a cordial invitation to them to send us queries and scripts, and, as usual, we promise prompt and courteous attention.



Our complaints concerning the absence of authors from Wyoming in our pages has had a salutary effect upon the residents of that great commonwealth of the West. Some mornings, judging by the mail, it seems as if the entire population of the state is eager to "make" *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* so as to clear the fair name of the community. We have no doubt that very soon we shall be printing something by a resident of Wyoming. . . . We would like to say here that there are other states whose residents have never "made" our pages, or who have been absent from them for many years. We mention Montana and New Mexico. There are also Utah and Idaho and — but perhaps we had better stop, lest we create violent jealousy among the great sisterhood of states.

CAPITAL H

The King James version, as far as I can make out, refers to Jesus in the third person always with a small h. But I was taught in school always to

refer to Jesus with a capital H. Why do I have to be more polite than the learned and pious men who did the magnificent King James version of the Bible?

BURTON K. MALFEY

Pomona, Cal.

IN AID OF GENIUS

I believe it was Bertrand Russell who once suggested that society make some provision for men and women who do not want to waste their time earning a living and wish to devote all their energies to writing fiction, composing music, painting portraits, etc. All I want to say is that the new Congress do something about this proposal. Precisely what the new Congress should do I don't know, but various ideas come to mind.

Let the Social Security Board set aside a sum to provide the bare necessities for any person who wants to be an artist. Each community might have a huge flophouse where such men and women could eat and sleep and meet friends. Each of them might also be given about three dollars a week for spending money — geniuses or potential geniuses are as much entitled to spending money as are the men and women who inherit money from their parents. Would there be a lot of fakers at these flophouses? Of course, there would. But there are also a lot of fakers in the banking business, journalism, the ministry, teaching — all the callings that adorn and afflict the human race. If after 20

or 25 years there comes out of these residences a fair poet or a fair composer or a fair painter — I don't say a genius, because only a later day can determine that — then, the money will have been well spent. But even if nothing comes out of them, the money still will have been well spent. The "loafers" will add something charming to American life and help take the curse off a nation full of clean and well-dressed young men who run after "security," and of brittle women who study the label on a man's jacket while they are being kissed.

But my own hunch is that real artists will come out of these places. I firmly believe there is a lot of talent in this country that is killed every day by the striving for "success."

ARTHUR A. MURPHY

Cleveland, O.

EX-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

I believe it was your Mr. Mencken who once suggested that all ex-Presidents, for their own peace of mind and for the welfare of the country, be hanged within six months of leaving office. Some day I hope that suggestion will be made law. I only want to add to it the proposal that similar treatment be accorded unsuccessful candidates for President on either major ticket. Do I hear my Republican friends shouting Amen?

P. DANIEL DAWSON

San Antonio, Tex.

MAKING ARSON OBSOLETE

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

THE large summer home in Massachusetts was insured for \$75,000. Its owner had decided to live in Florida. He tried to sell the place, but couldn't, and found himself stuck with a sizable house, expensive to maintain and of no earthly use to him.

The seemingly perfect solution presented itself. He would set fire to the house and collect the insurance. But he was determined not to make the mistakes that landed so many arsonists in prison. He would not soak the place in gasoline and he would certainly not employ a professional "torch"; putting himself at the mercy of a blackmailer for the rest of his life was no part of his plan. He would start the blaze himself, not at the scene, but from Florida, a thousand miles away.

He came back to Massachusetts in February, intentionally reaching his house around three in the morning, when he was certain not to meet anyone who knew him. The necessary arrangements completed, he locked the door and hurried back to Miami.

Here he made it his business to be

seen in places where he was well known. When he was sure that his alibi was firmly established, he entered a telephone booth and put in a long-distance call for himself at his Massachusetts residence. There was, of course, no answer. But the jingling bell clappers, hooked to a thin wire, lit several matches by scraping them back and forth over sandpaper, and set fire to some carefully piled shavings. These, in turn, ignited a stack of newspapers and sent the blaze roaring through the house. Informed by his Massachusetts neighbors about the fire, the owner hurried back to collect his insurance.

But arson investigators, employed by the insurance companies, are experts in analyzing burnt substances, even in a building that has been completely gutted. Their search turned up the remnants of newspapers and shavings near the telephone.

Long-distance "touchoffs" or "alibi-torchings" were not a new story to these men. They began to check on the owner, who was the only man that would profit by the fire. The records of the telephone company

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revealed the call from Florida just a few hours before the building began to blaze.

Armed with this information, plus that intangible asset of every detective — a suspect's guilty conscience — they attacked the owner with a barrage of questions. He became bewildered and confused and finally confessed.

This man was one of many who have been trapped by the growing knowledge of the cause and progress of fires which has been patiently built up throughout the past 25 years. Scientific investigators are now familiar with the actions of air currents on flames, the reaction to fire of inflammable substances such as gasoline, naphtha and celluloid, the original character of charred and blackened remains and the tell-tale signs of fuses and other "trailers." This knowledge has made arson an unprofitable crime. The number of violations today are a small fraction of what they used to be. But there are still some who feel that others have failed through a mere lack of ingenuity.

Another Massachusetts home owner decided to let the forces of nature — immune to questioning by the police — be his agent. He rigged up a fantastically complicated device, and departed for Chicago. There he registered at a hotel where he had frequently been a guest and was well known by the employees. Every day he scanned the weather bulletins, waiting for one of those northeasters

which sweep over New England at more or less regular intervals. One morning he read the announcement of a gale "ravaging the coast."

A few hours later he received a telegram informing him that his house had burned to the ground. Like his fellow-arsonist in Florida, he sped back to collect the insurance. But already the tireless investigators were examining the burned-out remains and were looking with suspicion at a thin strand of wire dangling from the upper branches of a poplar tree in the yard. A fire marshal climbed up for a closer view. It wasn't, he decided, any kind of telephone wire; nor was it of the type sometimes used by horticulturists to keep a tree growing straight. It apparently served no normal or usual purpose.

Immediately the idea of a long-distance touch-off suggested itself. The marshal began a quiet investigation in Chicago. He found that the owner of the house had been there ten days, but had apparently done nothing but loaf around the hotel. That he was establishing an alibi seemed obvious. The time for questioning had arrived.

"What did you go to Chicago for?"

"On business."

"What business?"

"My own. To sell goods."

"All right; what firms did you call on?"

And more of the same, until the incendiary was trapped in small discrepancies. Finally he confessed.

He had tied the wire to a tree and

had run it into the attic of his house through a tiny hole which he had drilled in the roof. Inside the attic the wire was connected with a length of twine, which was attached to a small spring. This, in turn, was connected with sandpaper and matches.

The perverse genius who rigged up this bizarre contraption didn't have to make a phone call. He knew the next fifty-mile gale would pull the wire and set the spring in motion, igniting the matches. The resulting fire would be fanned by the same forces that had started it, and would turn the house into a blazing furnace.

But the flames had burned the twine connected with the spring, and the wire snapped back against the tree. The owner never thought for a moment that it would be noticed, nor that the fire marshal would place his nose at the end of it and smell that it had recently been in contact with fire. He was sent to prison having learned, the hard way, not to underestimate arson detectives.

11

On another occasion, an investigator, digging into a series of fires in a New York State summer colony, noticed a minute baby pin lying in the yard of a completely destroyed residence. This had burned down in early March, after being unoccupied during the entire winter.

But it was not only the pin which the insurance sleuth noticed. He saw that it was shining and new, a strange condition in view of the fact that it

had apparently lain in the mud, rain and snow for many months. He showed the pin to the owner of the burned home and asked her if she recognized it.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "It was one of several in a drawer in an antique bureau in my bedroom."

"An *antique* bureau?"

"Why, yes," the woman said, obviously surprised at the emphasis placed on the one word. "What difference does that make?"

"It may make a lot," he answered.

The detective didn't enlighten her further. Instead, he got from her and from the owners of all the other burned buildings a list and full description of their antique furniture. Then he and his associates spent several months prowling around the antique shops of New York and New England. They found what they had suspected.

Not long afterwards, half a dozen men were starting long terms in prison. What they had done was to haul away valuable pieces of antique furniture at night, set fire to the owners' houses to cover the theft, and then sell the articles, at fancy prices, to dealers in such commodities.

But arson specialists notice and evaluate items even smaller than baby pins; so small in fact, that they can be seen only under a microscope or powerful magnifying glass. This, to his sorrow, was learned by a professional "feero" (incendiary) known affectionately to the police as "Wall-Breaking Willie."

Willie's method was to break the plaster in a wall until the inflammable laths were exposed. Then he would pour gasoline into the opening and light a "trailer" or fuse long enough to give him plenty of time to get away. When the fire department arrived, the place was usually well on the way to complete destruction.

The investigators were sure that these blazes were the work of a "spot man," *i.e.*, a professional hired by house owners who carried a lot of insurance, and that he had been responsible for at least a dozen other fires. But they had never been able to prove it.

Then Willie was picked up a few blocks from a particularly destructive fire. "You ain't got nothing on me," he remarked when he arrived at headquarters. "Even if I did torch that dump — which I didn't — you can't pin the rap on me."

"Take off your trousers," a sleuth directed.

"My trousers?"

"Yes, your trousers. You understand English, don't you?"

The prisoner complied. The detective shook from the cuffs a considerable quantity of powdered plaster. They removed lime and hair. Then, with a magnifying glass, they counted the grains of sand which remained.

In each 100 of these tiny particles they found that 36 were black, 12 white, 26 amber and 26 red. Plasters from several dozen other buildings contained different quantities of such colors in their sand residue. But this

count tallied exactly with the plaster from the building which had been set on fire.

One of the court attaches penned a doggerel to commemorate Willie's conviction:

Little drops of plaster,
Little grains of sand,
Caused Wall-breaking Willie
To go in prison-land.

Occasionally the skill and knowledge of insurance detectives is aided by the unpredictable course a fire will take. The professional firebug, because of his experience, seems to be more successful in anticipating some of these vagaries than the amateur.

One of the latter, a man living in Chicago, decided to burn his home. He first read up on everything he could find concerning arson. He reached the conclusion that all the well-known methods were too risky, and decided on a plan which had, at least, the virtue of originality.

He filled a cardboard hat box with gasoline and placed it at the top of the stairs. At the bottom he put a lighted candle. Then, to prepare an ironclad alibi, he went downtown to his office and out to lunch with some friends. When he returned, his secretary greeted him with the news that his house was afire.

His plans had gone according to order, at first. The liquidity and pressure of its contents broke through the hat box and sent a wall of gasoline cascading down the steps to the lit candle. In a moment the inside of the house was a seething mass of flame.

But the unexpected occurred. The sudden, intense heat bit through two pillars supporting part of the upper floor and sent the ceiling crashing down on the blaze, snuffing out the candle. When the insurance investigators found it, they had no trouble guessing the truth. The guilty man supplied the details.

One of the most outstanding examples of patient detective work occurred also in Chicago. Experts were called in to investigate a fire that had destroyed a warehouse filled with silver-fox furs. The owner was claiming half a million dollars' insurance. Though they were suspicious, the detectives couldn't prove the fire to be of incendiary origin.

After exhausting their usual tricks, they sent strands of the burnt fur to laboratory men, who examined them under microscopes. They did the same with fur taken from various other animals. The tests disclosed that each strand of silver-fox fur burned in a black line with a white border. Rabbit fur burned in an all-black line. And fur charred completely black was all that came out of the warehouse. The furrier was forthwith arrested. It was obvious even before he confessed that he had removed and hidden all his valuable pelts and had substituted for them his cheaper rabbit skins.

Perhaps more than any other crime, arson is detectable by the mechanical eyes of scientific instruments. Tricks of firebugs which

might have remained undetected as late as ten or fifteen years ago are now unveiled in an instrument-filled room far away from the scene of the blaze.

There continue to be those, however, who think they are smart enough to fool the insurance experts. One of them conceived the idea of burning his house by exploding photograph flashlight powder against the woodwork. There was at first nothing to indicate arson, but the suspicious detectives took samples of ash from different parts of the burned structure and examined them with the aid of various detecting and analyzing instruments.

Under the spectroscope, an instrument used by astronomers to separate different colors in order to identify the ingredients, one bit of ash showed a color which shouldn't have been there. It proved to be magnesium, a chemical used in flashlight powder. The detectives immediately began a cautious investigation of the house owner. They ascertained that he had never used a camera. Confronted with this information, and queried as to how the flashlight powder got there, he admitted that he had started the fire.

Equally confident of success was the arsonist who touched off his patent medicine factory. But he found the first question shot at him by the fire marshal highly disconcerting.

"Where did you get the thermit?"

"Thermit?" the suspect repeated, his face reddening.

"Yes, thermit. That doesn't belong in a patent medicine plant."

"I—I don't know what thermit is," the firebug replied.

The marshal offered to explain it to him. "It's a substance used in welding, and it generates probably more heat than anything else in the world. It's the only thing which will reduce concrete to a sticky gum. And the concrete underpinning of your building was completely melted. So we're arresting you for arson."

There have been innumerable time devices for setting incendiary fires. Their virtue, so far as the arsonist is concerned, is that they give him plenty of time to get far away. But their drawback lies in the fact that the various metal pieces making up the machines are seldom completely destroyed or so distorted in shape as to leave no clue concerning their purpose. Almost without exception the insurance investigators detect the

origin of the fire. And so most firebugs have had to relinquish this method of starting a blaze. They also are largely "off" gasoline. Laboratory detectives have learned that wood saturated with this inflammable liquid has, when burned, closer corrugations than wood consumed in the ordinary way.

One of the most recent methods of detection is to photograph the color of the smoke which comes from a burning building. Scientists have found that different substances burn with a different hue, often so slight as to be invisible to the naked eye, but perfectly clear when photographed with the proper kind of camera.

Firebugs are learning that no matter how ingenious their plans, investigating experts are apt to be one jump ahead of them. As an easy way of obtaining money, arson is rapidly becoming obsolete.

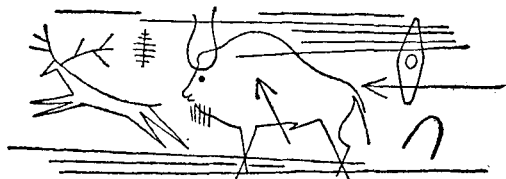
PHRASE ORIGINS—44

MOUNTEBANK: *When Winston Churchill, in the course of one of his wartime philippics against Mussolini, called the Duce a "mountebank," he may not have realized that he was using an Italian loan-word to lambaste the Italian dictator. The word, which now denotes a charlatan or quack, is ultimately derived from the Italian montare in banco, meaning "to mount on a bench." It was originally applied to traveling snake-oil purveyors who became known for their habit of climbing onto benches, tables or anything else handy to hawk their wares. Our "soap-box orator" can be classed as a near-relative, linguistically speaking.*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



INFORMATION PLEASE

OVER the years a good many hundreds of questions have been addressed to this department of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. A reader finds a curious sort of beetle in his potato-patch, and has a notion that I might be able to tell him something about it, and so sends me an inquiry. Or a reader sees an unusual bird, or gets to wondering about how bats find their way around in the dark, or some such thing, and another request for information comes to this address.

The questions have added up to quite a stack. Many of them I have been able to answer either directly or in "Down to Earth" articles dealing with the lives of the particular creatures concerned. Other questions, outside the ability of a countryman-naturalist to answer, and requiring the attention of specially trained technical scientists, I have been able to refer to this or that expert. An attempt has been made to leave no question without a response, in one way or another.

Among all these questions, a certain few have kept coming again and again and yet again. It has done little good to answer them as individually received, for they at once arrive again from some other correspondent. There seem to be six or seven nature-matters and bits of animal-lore that people are moved to wonder about with special frequency. They seem to be the six or seven questions with which children, as their awareness of nature opens and their curiosity kindles, pester their parents with particular persistence, until the parents write to "Down to Earth" in hope of an answer and some ease at home. Over the years, these questions crop up in the mail as dependably as income-tax blanks.

None of them, happily, requires any extraordinary scientific research to answer. They are questions about the nature-life of everyday; their answers belong to the first-hand knowledge of a naturalist who gives his life to snooping around the woods and fields, poking into old stumps and wandering along the pasture-

creek and prying into the texture of nature as he finds it close-to-home. Since the questions come up so frequently, it seems a good idea to devote "Down to Earth" this month to answering them, all in a batch. February, after all, is a sullen time outdoors, and the activity of earth is slowed to as near a stillness as it ever gets. There are not many happenings outdoors, right now, to write about. And so, these ever-recurring questions. . . .

Where do the flies go in the winter time? For some reason this question is asked more often than any other, except for the last question of the lot, which deals with pigs. Just why flies and hogs should be the commonest subjects of wonderings about nature, I don't know, unless it is because both creatures are so common in country living and so noticeable. At any rate, about the flies in winter time:

Great numbers of flies die when the cold weather comes; a lesser number withdraw into sheltered places — under bark, under fallen leaves, into barns and the attics of houses — and winter in variable states of activity, depending on the temperature. Houseflies grow torpid and seek shelter when the temperature falls to 55° or so. In the attic of a heated house, they may remain active all winter, if there is food available. Dr. R. H. Hutchinson, who did a study of the over-wintering of houseflies for the *Journal of Agricultural Research* some thirty years ago, and

who performed the delicate task of dissecting uncountable flies taken in winter in attics, found that most of the wintering flies were fertilized females. Of all the females he examined, 78 per cent contained active sperm cells. Flies are not strongly cold-resistant. A temperature of 15° or 20° for two or three days is fatal to them. They undoubtedly die by millions and billions every autumn, so that only a tiny remnant, relatively speaking, of fertilized females survives in warm places to carry on the race over the winter. It is just as well. For in their periods of activity and fecundity, flies reproduce themselves at a rate to stun the imagination. According to an often-cited statistic, the offspring of a single pair of houseflies between April and September, if all of them lived, would amount to 335,923,200,000,000 flies.

Why don't sleeping birds fall off their perches? It is a natural thing to wonder about, and it can be settled with brevity. The tendons in a bird's foot and toes are so constructed that pressure on the bottom of the foot, as by a twig or similar roost, automatically causes the toes to curl tightly. As long as a bird remains perched, it grasps its support in a taut and unrelenting grip, without having to exert any muscular effort to do so.

Do butterflies migrate in the autumn like birds? If not, what becomes of them? A good many nature-questions

are not answerable with an easy yes or no; and this is one of them. What happens to most butterflies in the autumn is simply that they die. Their species lives over the winter in one of the three stages of butterfly-life that precede adulthood: egg-form, larva or pupa. Having said this, however, there then have to be mentioned exceptions. A few butterflies, notably the monarch, make southerly migrations. Monarchs are those tawny black-veined butterflies that are so common on August thistle-tops. As autumn draws on, they gather in little companies, and then often in bigger bands — sometimes there may be thousands in a flock — and set off for the south. They fly leisurely, only a few hours a day, and only in the brightness of the autumn sun. Not many, it is probable, survive to come north again in the spring, but a few do.

In addition to the migrant monarchs, occasional other butterflies survive the winter in adult form, and these without leaving the regions of cold. Hardest of these winterers is the mourning-cloak, *Vanessa antiopa*. This is the butterfly with dark black-purple wings, cream-bordered, that a walker in the winter woods — even on one of these bitter February days, now, if the sun is shining brightly — may find fluttering from tree trunk to tree trunk, looking very odd against the snow. A good many letters have come in, in winter months, from people who have been astonished to see a butterfly a-wing on some day

when the temperature has been below freezing. What they have seen is a mourning-cloak.

How do porcupines mate? It is small wonder that this question has been asked so many times. It might easily occur, and startlingly, to almost any nature-pondering man's wandering imagination. The Indians who live in porcupine-country have long speculated about it, and have indeed come to entertain a picturesque belief which has spread from them, through trappers and guides and the like, into general folklore. According to this quaint notion, the female porcupine hangs upside-down on the underside of a small branch, the male ingeniously approaching her from above. It is a pleasantly fanciful picture. The sober fact, however, is that the copulation of porcupines follows the standard pattern for quadrupeds. It is not an easy fact to verify; a naturalist may go prowling among porcupines (which are chiefly nocturnal) for many a long year and find no opportunity for observation. But observations have been made, and determined naturalists have obtained photographs. I have obtained one myself. It lies at my elbow as I write.

Do bears hibernate? There was a rumpus about this in the press not many months ago. Maine hunters had reported that the bears in their state did not seem to be hibernating as heavily as usual, and this provoked a sharp statement from a Harvard

scientist to the effect that bears *never* hibernate. What it comes to is a quibble.

In cold snowy weather, the common black or brown bear does retire to a den and become torpid. The lethargy ranges from deep sleep to a profound oblivion from which the bear cannot be roused even by shouts and prods. Technically, however, in the scientific language used by the Harvard scientist, what a bear does is to den, not to hibernate. Hibernation, according to this distinction, involves a more complete change in body processes than takes place in the case of a stuporous bear. But the fact, at any rate, whatever term may be used for the happening, is that bears in cold weather do sink into deep unconsciousness and live without food for long periods, a she-bear staying foodless in her den often for many weeks even after giving birth to her cubs in midwinter and suckling them regularly. I take it that it is the fact, not the name, that readers want to know about. In mild winters, with food abundant, many black bears stay prowlingly active. In cold, snowy, hungry winters, they lumber drowsily into their dens and enter into immobility and oblivion.

Are snakes blind when they are shedding their skins? The answer here is not quite a yes and not quite a no. A snake's eye-cap is shed along with the rest of its skin. As the skin begins to loosen, and the eye-cap to separate, the snake is in effect wearing translu-

cent blinkers. It peers out at its world rather as a man tries to peer through a window of frosted glass. The snake is not wholly blind; it can detect differences of light and dark, and can detect major movements of creatures or objects nearby. But vision, in the sense of any sharp discernment, is gone.

And now finally:

Can a pig swim? The unique frequency with which this query arrives is perhaps testimony to the power of an old, old popular belief. This belief would have it that, when a pig attempts to swim, the shortness of its forelegs and the sharpness of its trotters bring about the quick result that it slashes its throat and dies of blood-letting. Now it may possibly be — I cannot deny it, for I have never seen the experiment, and a practical naturalist early finds it prudent to assert in a loud voice only what has come under his own eyes or his immediate experience — that a very fat jowly hog, when it begins flailing its forefeet in an effort to swim, *does* slash itself. But a common hog, a run-of-the-mill pig, does nothing of the kind.

Virtually all animals can swim, and without injury to themselves. Even rabbits, improbably enough, sometimes take to the water, not merely to escape an enemy or to reach the far shore, but apparently sometimes just for the fun or the coolness of the adventure. Pigs are no exception to the rule of a general swimming ability.

It is a fact of animal-lore which I can back with a particular certainness, for I was on hand on the summer day a few seasons ago when one of my neighbors' pigs tumbled from a nearby bridge and plopped into the creek. The pig paddled vigorously up-stream for nearly a quarter of a mile before showing any disposition

to take to the alder-bordered banks.

So much for the commonest questions that keep coming recurringly to "Down to Earth." A month hence the March of the year will have come around — the Awakening Moon of the old, old calendar — and it will be good to be going outdoors again and seeing what is happening.

BROTHER OF WIND AND SKY

BY ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

One of a brood of nine, he was a strange
And alien son; his brothers knew the sweep
Of land in aching muscles and the change
Of seasons, hail and drought in haunted sleep,
For like their father, they had deeply scrolled
Their names in furrows and in pulsing seed;
They faced the summer's heat, the winter's cold,
Soil their mistress, knowing her every need
They did not understand how one could be
Kin to the meadow mallow's golden spill,
Why one should lean upon his hoe when three
Wild hawks went sweeping down the cornfield hill.

They bound him all his days nor knew the why
of one, blood brother to wind and sky.

PACIFISM AND DEMOCRACY

BY GEORGE W. HARTMANN

In the May 1944 issue of the MERCURY we printed an article under the title "‘Peace Now’ Rests in Peace," which was a critical discussion of the Peace Now Movement, headed at that time by Dr. George W. Hartmann. Dr. Hartmann took serious objection to what was there said in a letter which we published in the succeeding issue. A year later Dr. Hartmann filed a libel suit against the MERCURY, and the case has been in the process of litigation during the past three years. Dr. Hartmann has maintained he was held up to ridicule and contempt and that his movement and motives were unfairly criticized. The MERCURY contended that the article did not libel Mr. Hartmann, who was described in it as a sincere pacifist, and claimed that the criticism of the "Peace Now Movement," which operated in the winter of 1943, a critical stage of the war, was in the realm of fair comment. Nevertheless, in the interest of fair play, the MERCURY and Dr. Hartmann decided that the differences of opinion between them could best be resolved by the presentation by him of the case for Pacifism in the pages of this magazine. Accordingly, the matter has been adjusted and the following article is published by the MERCURY, exactly as written by Dr. Hartmann, who is Professor of Educational Psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University, and is presented to the readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for their own judgment and conclusions. — THE EDITORS

PERHAPS the most inspiring political slogan of all time appeared when the great social ideals of the French Revolution crystallized into the famous triad, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Like St. Paul's "faith, hope and charity," this historic phrase reveals an ascending climax; love or brotherhood are declared "the greatest of these" since the first two terms in each sequence are included and culminate in the third and last attribute.

What is usually forgotten by current protagonists of the familiar American pattern of democracy is that the pacifist position is a vital part of this grand tradition. One may go further and confidently assert that complete or mature democratic behavior implies and requires pacifist conduct in dealing with all types of social conflict.

The basis for this conviction is the insight that war and democracy are permanently incompatible with each

other. A pacifist America — and a pacifist world order — will be the clearest proof that mankind has moved from its present quasi-democratic or proto-democratic stage of evolution to a thoroughly developed and full-flowered democratic era.

Someone has remarked that it is significant that we have a famous Statue of Liberty in our chief port, but that nowhere in the harbors or public squares of the United States is there a statue to Equality or Fraternity. This suggests that our national fabric is at best no more than one third democratic. Popular attitudes endorsing the good of freedom are relatively more explicit or at least more frequently enunciated than those affirming the worth of justice and peace. Actually, these three distinguishable values are organically interdependent in any society and usually tend to rise and fall together. The individual or collective struggle to realize any one of them cannot be effectively divorced from the rest since they are all part-aspects of some comprehensive whole.

Pacifism (or “fraternalism”) is therefore inherently *more* than an anti-war movement — but it cannot be *less* than that, for war is the supreme negation of human solidarity. Whatever else he does and however much his efforts may miscarry because of personality and situational limitations, the pacifist is a *positive* exponent of democracy in striving for the “removal of all causes of war.” This fact makes the various penalties

imposed upon conscientious objectors by an allegedly popular government utterly incompatible with its own integrity. To punish what should be rewarded (and vice versa) is hardly a sane policy for furthering man’s ethical growth.

A common response to the pacifist orientation is to acknowledge the idealistic impulses it embodies, but to dismiss it as impractical and Utopian, *i.e.*, an ineffectual gesture of protest or pure escapism from the brutal realities of human conduct at home and abroad. Instead, it is alleged that since there are “tigers and sharks” among the world’s population, others are justified in exterminating them. Such an anti-pacifist view implies that agents of lofty principles and deeds (the non-tigers and anti-sharks) are more worthy to live than representatives of ignoble ones. This might have a certain plausibility if battle-drunk nations could discriminate with certainty the finer from the baser cause, but actually it is perilously close to postulating a Master Race in terms of provincially limited loyalties. Thus for many American eyes, the Red Army was presumably on the side of “progress” from 1941 to 1945; these same men are now commonly lumped with the legions of Satan. The skeptical pacifist suspects that such facile pseudo-moral judgments are dictated by the rawest kind of power politics, expediency, or self-interest and not by objectively significant differences in conduct.

A harsher objection to pacifism

holds that it is disloyal, unpatriotic, and "un-American" repudiation of natural community ties and obligations. On the contrary, the pacifist is loyal to the largest and most inclusive World Community; devotion to the ultimate welfare of a part-region (one's own country) is perfectly consistent with such a sense of duty to the entirety — in fact it follows inexorably. Under the conditions of modern warfare, there are no real victors because all mankind is the loser. The pacifist's sense of identification with the totality of his species is "philanthropy" in the original etymological sense and is therefore a genuinely patriotic — but admittedly not narrowly nationalistic — sentiment.

The absurd claim that pacifism, albeit unintentionally, seditiously or treasonably assists the aggressor forgets that "non-violent resistance and non-cooperation with the evil-doer" is a mighty social weapon, as Gandhi and his followers amply demonstrated. The garden variety of militarist appears to be irritated by the pacifist because the latter is a chronic challenge to his lack of imagination in relying so exclusively upon armed force as the ultimate arbiter of all controversies, and to his associated blind spot in not acknowledging that one's worst foe has basic human rights of which he cannot — or ought not — be deprived. Even the reluctant militarist fails to sense that there are many varieties of aggression — the enemy's kind and his own; the former

may be the "hot" type which recklessly creates new injustices while seeking to correct old ones, while the latter's aggressive hostility may be manifested in a "cold" refusal to correct inequities from which his side derives advantage.

Characteristically, the pacifist sees the strengths and weaknesses of both contestants with something approaching judicial or third-party objectivity — the very standpoint which nation-states themselves insist must be used to settle domestic disputes but inconsistently refuse to employ in more serious foreign affairs. By preserving this rare "detached" view of group antagonisms in times of stress, the pacifist proves himself a better social scientist than most of those "experts" formally classified as such who are usually found on one or the other partisan bandwagons during these periods.

II

However useful these rebuttal arguments may be in meeting criticisms emanating from non-pacifists, they are distinctly subordinate to the more significant affirmations which constitute the core of the pacifist credo. These are many and varied, but the most important of them — omitting for brevity's sake those grounded largely in sectarian and denominational religious authority — are comprised in the eight propositions which follow:

(1) *Modern wars destroy more human values than they preserve or create.*

This is not just an emotional revulsion (although this vital reaction cannot be safely disparaged) but a severely intellectual audit akin to Bentham's hedonic calculus. Gladly accepting the pragmatic test that the relative merit of any particular war can be responsibly determined only by the demonstrable net balance of value-consequences in the light of the total situation, the pacifist holds that both World War I and II demonstrated the correctness of his thesis. The militarist who gets a different result in adding gains and losses does so only because of a spurious weighting he assigns to certain quantities, such as claiming that it was worth while to slay untold millions in order to achieve — well, whatever “it” is that has been currently achieved at that price. To gloat over dubious derivative values acquired or kept while the original loci of all primary values — people themselves — are destroyed on a planetary scale is pure lunacy.

(2) *The sanctity of all human life is a precondition to any decent social structure.* This proposition seems axiomatic to the pacifist. In proper perspective, the life of every individual, even if he is counted among the enemies of one's country, is as precious in the eyes of the Eternal Cosmos as one's own. To deny this is a curious contemporary kind of blasphemy which the revolting practice of capital punishment does not make less repugnant.

(3) *War never in itself shows who is right — it is merely a clumsy way of*

proving who is stronger. The assumption that only the righteous win battles is too absurd to be discussed. If one takes a long enough time span, the chances are 50-50 that the losers had as “good” or “bad” causes as the victors — but fewer resources. That's the way we view ancient and medieval conflicts, and it is practically certain that the people of the twenty-first century will look upon recent catastrophes in the same light.

(4) *The ends of war are only possible goods, but the means of war are certain evils; the goals and methods of even so-called “just” wars cannot be harmonized.* This basic contention, emphasized and popularized by Aldous Huxley before the recent cataclysm, has received dramatic confirmation during the last decade. A just war requires a good objective and a good procedure. But since these two requirements cannot be met, there can no longer be a “just” war. What ever became of the Four Freedoms? In what limbo does the Atlantic Charter rest? The dead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki not only trouble the conscience of the atomic scientists, but make us suspect that if in the not too distant future we perish likewise it will be because in some perverted way “we asked for it.” And the ruined cities of Europe mock those who said all this was necessary if a world of beauty and reason was to be saved — or born.

(5) *War eventually engenders less worthy aims than those which initially led people to engage in it.* It may, e.g.,

begin in the spirit of "defense" and steadily lead through the accelerated moral deterioration fostered by mutually suicidal conflict to distinctly "offensive" behavior. Initially men claim to fight merely for the privilege of remaining master in their own house (survival); then they fight in order to prevent others from enjoying that same privilege by compelling them to submit to armed occupation for an indefinite period and to "surrender unconditionally" all self-government (tyranny). This is but one of the many manifestations of the elastic Double Standard fostered by war.

(6) *War usually makes social problems harder rather than easier.* War is a "frying-pan-into-the-fire" or circular type of solution for any difficulty, particularly if the changed status of *all* — and not just *some* — people is made the basic criterion of improved adjustment. The world today is less adequately fed, clothed, and housed than before the cataclysm; justice and mercy are no more in evidence; insecurity and spiritual malaise probably greater; and there are certainly more disordered personalities or chronically unhappy individuals than before the bombs began to fall. The gap between the Haves and the Have-nots has widened rather than diminished; the grip of the military mind is stronger than ever; and the boundaries of human freedom globally have generally contracted rather than expanded. Hence, one war by its injuries occasions another; we even

number them now as though they constituted a series! War intensifies the mass neurosis of hate and resentment for suffering attributed to the misdeeds of the adversary. Pledged to erase infamy, two vast aggregations embark on a crusade to save themselves — from each other — only to find regularly after each holocaust that the very stimulus-conditions producing this Great Madness have waxed a thousandfold.

(7) *It is a reasonable hypothesis that the evil of war would end if enough people adopted pacifism as a way of life.* Part of the motive for popular acceptance of the war method is the knowledge that "everybody's doing it." But if a new principle of social relations is ever to triumph, it must first win over the conscience of the vanguard of humanity. It must be a principle so compelling that it will lead more men and women to challenge the arrogance of the Police or Garrison State and the complaisant submissiveness of their fellows in the face of monstrous wrongs by announcing, like Martin Luther at his highest: "Here we stand; we can do no other."

(8) *In this age of "total" atomic and bacteriological warfare, pacifism is an imperative expression of the democratic impulse.* Democracy is much more than the rule of a majority of the qualified and interested electorate; it is a social order characterized by mutual kindness and helpfulness with unfailing respect for the inalienable rights of even the tiniest minority. There are some things no major-

ity can do and still act democratically — and war is the key example. Chancellor Hutchins in a speech at Frankfurt, Germany, on May 18, 1948, cited with approval Tawney's brilliant definition, "The foundation of democracy is the sense of spiritual independence which nerves the individual to stand alone against the powers of this world." It is appalling that here in America (where one would think the frontier tradition of pioneering and venturesome exploration in all areas of human experience was deeply rooted and honored) pacifists in war and peace time have been subjected to the crudest kind of defamation and persecution by the most influential agencies in the community. Why? Mainly for insisting on being adult rather than childish or adolescent exponents of democracy!

III

At bottom, a democracy is a world view which holds that all men's needs are better satisfied by friendly utilization of physical and human resources than by any other form of organized group life. The supreme mission of democracy is the establishment of the Good Life and the Good Society by making "peace, plenty and freedom" concrete realities in the experience of every human being. These are goods or values which cannot be securely enjoyed by any individual or group until *every* inhabitant of this earth has been assured them. By its very nature, the democratic ideal is international or universal rather than nationalistic

and parochial, humanitarian rather than cruel or indifferent to men's frustrations and wants, intelligently "reasonable" and experimental rather than superstitious or dogmatic in its approach to community problems and issues.

Implicit in all this is the outlook which cherishes the life of every one, even of those who reject the aims and methods of the democratic philosophy. Our highest allegiance is to the human species as a *whole*. Specifically, this means that the democrat *as* democrat cannot kill, or help to kill, even those who endanger his own existence. There just is no democratic way to execute a man. Democracy is a spirit and a technique for the promotion of human welfare — and no man's well being is advanced by first murdering him! Furthermore, nobody's selfish individual gain is in the long run truly dependent upon some one else's extinction. Yet so long as any man's "success" appears to be conditioned by another's "failure," just so long will human relations remain poisoned.

If the only way democracy can survive is by hurling more explosives than its opponents then the "winning" system is not really democratic. It is merely one that has more effectively mastered the despot's technology of beating other folks to their knees. Consequently, democrats can not be soldiers, *i.e.*, individuals prepared to slay anyone, even their own countrymen and comrades, upon orders. There is no war so holy or any cause so noble that it can sanctify this

form of personality degradation. This insight admits of no exceptions at any time or in any place. Blood and tears, ruin and destruction, falsehood and violence — are these the instruments for creating a fairer world for ourselves and our children?

Some readers, impressed with the obvious fact that the pacifist has many strong points on his side, may weakly

observe, "But there are things worse than war." Name them! Don't omit a single item. Then note — WAR INCLUDES ALL OF THEM.

Perhaps the only evil in any way comparable to war itself is that pathology of thought and feeling which in the fourth year after Hiroshima can still mechanically mumble, "Some things are worse than war."

THE GOLDEN BOY

BY ROBERT HILLYER

Too much success would win the wayward heart
 With small desires of tablecloth design,
 And, within limits of that damask art,
 Call for gold service, crystal, vintage wine,
 Small talk, and all the bowing left and right
 That help the rich forget how poor they are:
 No, it is easier for the eremite
 To count his jewels on some quieter star,
 Though never (so they say in every age)
 Has earthly fabric been esteemed so dear
 Or spirit famished on so scant a wage:
 Whatever be the truth of that, I hear
 That once in Florence, gilding a fair boy
 They smothered him. And so it is with joy.

PHONIES OF THE OLD WEST

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

IN THE spring of 1948 an Associated Press dispatch from Lawton, Oklahoma, reported the discovery there of Jesse James in person, the original and only, aged somewhat by the 101 years that had passed since his birth, but moderately hale, and well able to sit up and take nourishment while he regaled his breathless audience with an elaborate account of how it all happened.

It amused him no end, said the old derelict, to think that people believed that he, Jesse Woodford James, had been shot and killed by Bob Ford on the morning of April 3, 1882. "It wasn't me that Bob shot," he quavered. "Was another feller, name of Charlie Bigelow." It seems they had laid Charlie Bigelow away in the grave prepared for Jesse James; and Jesse had sung at his own funeral. There was much more, too, thousands of words of it, and the Lawton Chamber of Commerce, and most of Lawton to boot, was delirious that the town was host to such a distinguished guest.

When the news appeared in the papers at St. Joseph, Missouri, where Jesse James had been shot and killed 66 years before, that city merely yawned. And veteran newspapermen all over the West and Southwest took

the story with great calm. Most of the boys had at some time or other interviewed one or more of the various Jesse James phonies who have been sporadically appearing in the West for decades.

The Jesse James I interviewed was prevalent a dozen years ago. He was of medium height, very thin, almost a wraith in fact, and he was complete with document certifying his identity. The document was an impressive instrument with a large red seal and embossed with the stamps of half a dozen notaries public. My Jesse spoke in heavy Missourese. He made it appear that Bob Ford had never attempted to shoot him, but had killed another man — good old Charlie Bigelow didn't come into *his* story — who had been given decent Christian burial while Jesse himself hid in a nearby barn and watched the proceedings. The Lawton man's version is much better; there is something particularly appealing about singing at one's own funeral.

My Jesse tarried only briefly in Oregon, where I met him, but went on to Southern California, where phonies find the best pickings outside of Texas and Oklahoma, and was later, so I read, a featured attraction at fairs in the Southwest.

I should have preferred meeting the Jesse James of 1932. He turned up that year in, of all places, St. Joseph, and appears to have been one of the most entertaining James phonies that city had seen. He claimed that neither he nor his brother Frank were in the James house on the April day in 1882 when somebody was shot and killed there. "But," he went on, "I took fifty dollars in gold from the dead man, buried my gun, and lammed." Now, in 1932, he said, he had returned to dig up the gun and thus prove his identity. And dig he did. With a common grub-hoe he started prospecting in a clump of currant bushes on LaFayette Street and in no time at all came up with an old revolver.

"Now, gentlemen," said this Jesse to members of the press, "are you convinced I am the original Jesse James?" They were not convinced. They produced an old resident, a contractor named Henry Bauman, who stepped forward to say that in 1895 he had been employed by the city of St. Joseph to improve LaFayette Street, and in the process had removed the James house and then taken off some fifteen feet of the hill on which it stood and where the currant bushes were now growing. A gun buried at the time of the killing in 1882, Mr. Bauman calculated, must have been sunk at least fourteen feet under the ground in order to be within easy reach of a grub-hoe in 1932. "And now don't bother me no more," said Mr. Bauman.

This did not in the least embarrass

the Jesse of 1932. He gave a lecture in a local movie house and wound up with a challenge. "If I am not Jesse James," he shouted, "then who am I?" Nobody in St. Joseph knew, or cared, although a drunk in one of the rear seats roused himself sufficiently to reply, "You're Clara Bow."

The Jesse James of the buried gun was the second to show up since 1930. (There had been some eight or nine to appear before that date.) The first of this series was revealed in Florence, Colorado, where he had been living, "in disguise," for some years. He died in 1930, and was buried, though not for long. The business was taken so seriously in Colorado that the body was exhumed and photographed. Pictures were sent to headquarters, which is to say St. Joseph, and the experts there took one look. "It ain't Jesse," they said. "Bury him again."

The 1948 Jesse had a lovely time for six months after he made his identity known in Lawton. The he-men of San Leandro, California, made up a purse and imported Jesse for their Fourth of July celebration. As an added attraction they prevailed on Al Jennings, an aged but authentic badman, to come too. Jennings, then 85, took one look at the Jesse James. Then, said the Associated Press, drooling: "Jennings' voice choked and his eyes filled with tears as he turned to reporters. 'It's him, Jesse,' he said."

There was more, too, much more, and it went out over the wires. Old Al Jennings and old Jesse James teamed up and were booked at rodeos

and such throughout the West. I was privileged to see the two great men in Portland, Oregon, where the only public notice they received was in paid advertisements, and their combined presence did not make a ripple. This was because there is too much Scandinavian and New England stock in Portland to permit mania over the appearance of two ancient thugs, either alleged or real. Incidentally, Northfield, Minnesota, where the James and Younger gang met disaster in 1876, while futilely trying to rob a bank, refused to import the new Jesse for its autumn festival.

Homer Croy, the writer, who probably knows more about the real Jesse James than anybody else alive, interviewed the current phony late in 1948. Croy discovered the old impostor's story to be full of holes: The fingers on his left hand were whole; Jesse had a joint missing on the third finger. When asked the number of children born to Jesse and Mrs. James, the ancient liar said two; there had actually been four. And Croy's questions quickly brought out other discrepancies—which was no surprise to Mr. Croy.

But Croy and I, and many another, will be astonished if still more phonies do not pick up the trail. After all, Jesse James would be a mere 102 years old in 1949. And the impostor of Lawton, Oklahoma, derived considerable cash during his six months or so in the public eye. The situation presents a fine employment opening for aged liars.

II

Another hardy character is the late John Wilkes Booth, the ham actor who killed President Lincoln and was in turn thoroughly shot and killed by Sergt. Boston Corbett, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1865; and competently buried six feet deep in Greenmount cemetery, Baltimore, on the twentieth of February, 1869, in the presence of relatives and acquaintances.

But Southern heroes, like Southwestern heroes, die hard, if at all, and in the intervening years approximately twenty Booth phantoms have turned up. All of these phonies have been discovered, characteristically, in the Southwest. Their story, with variations due to uneven imaginations, was to the effect that the man killed by good Sergt. Corbett in the old tobacco barn in Virginia was not Booth but a native of the region named Roddy. This Roddy, so went the tale, had found several small effects belonging to the escaped Booth, and had put them in his own pocket. This, of course, made Booth out of Roddy. It was as simple as that.

All of the twenty Booth phantoms made a noise, as they were discovered one after the other, but the biggest and best noise was created by a phony who came to light in the lovely town of Granbury, Texas, about 1879. This one was to last another quarter of a century.

The Granbury Booth of 1879 was going under the name of John St.

Helen. He tended bar on occasion, but was given much to the dramcup himself, and when deep in liquor he used often to regale individuals, who would supply free drinks, with a detailed story as to how he, John Wilkes Booth, had assassinated Lincoln at the request of the then Vice-President of the United States, Andrew Johnson. The Vice-President had also, he said, given him the password—it was "T. B. Road"—by which he could, and did, escape through the Union lines.

The town of Granbury, to its lasting credit, seems to have taken John St. Helen's story in stride, assessing it correctly as the drunken ravings of a psychopath who was less than a nobody and enjoying the attention occasioned by his enormously stupid story. His story proved quite effective with strangers, however, more than one of whom went away charmed to have met Booth, the darling of the South. John St. Helen does not seem to have attempted to become a sideshow subject, or otherwise cash in on his claim. He was quite content to get nothing more than the free drinks required to put him in the right condition to relate his story.

John St. Helen at last wandered away from Granbury, Texas, and disappeared in the mists. Then, in 1903, a man known as David E. George, a house painter of Enid, Oklahoma, committed suicide, after having, carefully and in great detail, confessed a number of times that he

was none other than John Wilkes Booth. The Southern and Southwestern papers gave the story a mighty play, and to Enid promptly went one Finis L. Bates, a lawyer of Memphis, Tennessee, who a quarter of a century before had been fascinated in Texas by the story told him by the sodden John St. Helen, and had never got over it. In Enid, Bates viewed the remains of David E. George and pronounced them the remains of John St. Helen, whom he had not seen since 1879. And John St. Helen, he vowed, was Booth, aged 66 at his death in 1903.

Lawyer Bates took possession of the suicide's body. He brought it back to Memphis, had it beautifully embalmed, and it was later, as it was until recently, and maybe still is, exhibited across the South and Southwest at a dime, or at most two-bits, a look. Hundreds of thousands of gaping Southerners were thus permitted to gaze at the man who shot Lincoln and became a hero of the Lost Cause.

Not content with the traveling mummy, Bates wrote, and in 1907 published, an incredible book, *The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth, or the First True Account of Lincoln's Assassination, Containing a Complete Confession of Booth, Many Years After his Crime*. It was read by untold thousands of gulls eager to embrace the myth; and the myth is alive today in the Southwest, though it is not undiluted, for as late as 1925 at least five different and authentic

skulls of Booth were being exhibited below Mason & Dixon's Line, to the great satisfaction of the populace there.

III

In Northwestern United States we have no such hardy perennials as Booth and Jesse James. The best we have been able to produce — and I haven't seen one of them in years — is *The Survivor of the Custer Massacre*. This event, as most people know, took place on June 25, 1876, when General George Armstrong Custer and his entire command were wiped out by purposeful Sioux on the Little Big Horn River. I have known two such Survivors first-hand, and even gave them mild and skeptical treatment in the papers. One was a tall courtly old man, distinguished by the Bill Cody type of whiskers, who called himself Colonel Thompson. His story was that he had simply slipped away from the battle when he saw that all but him were down. His was not a very good story.

The other Survivor was better than good. For all I know he may be going yet. When I interviewed him fifteen years ago he said he was 84. He called himself Silent Smith, a name, so he said, that had been bestowed on him "by the Six Tribes" in tribute to his being a man of few words. I can't recall ever having interviewed a more garrulous character. When I called at his tent, parked by an Oregon stream, Silent Smith was possessed of 38 pieces of

light ordnance ranging from an 1873 carbine to "Buffalo Bill's favorite repeating rifle." He also had a bundle of alleged and decaying documents, dating from both before and after the Massacre. He had a scout medal, which he said had been pinned on him in 1872 by General Nelson A. Miles. "Trustworthy & Reliable," it said on the medal. Hanging from the walls of Silent Smith's tent were more scalps than I had ever seen before, or have seen since.

Silent Smith looked the part. He was a tall, neolithic old man, creased and wrinkled as the rocks of the Bad Lands. His speech had the right Plains quality, and he almost never stopped talking. I found it difficult to get in a few questions which I hoped would embarrass him. But he was not embarrassed. He could tell where Benteen was during the Massacre, and what Reno was doing. And he, Silent Smith, was *The Survivor* of the disaster. "I was there," he said, "on the morning of the twenty-seventh, when Lieutenant Bradley, scouting ahead of Terry and Gibbon, came upon the scene of the Massacre and discovered me to be the sole survivor of that gallant band."

Knowing that the Indians had actually killed *all* the troopers, and had also scalped and otherwise mutilated every last one except the body of Custer, I asked Silent Smith exactly how he had managed to survive. Silent Smith was ready for that one, too. "Where was I?" He lowered his voice but let the words out with

great intensity. "Where was I? I was lying under a hoss, wounded but much alive, and I had lain there for two days." His gimlet eyes held me fast. "For two whole days," he repeated.

As soon as I had recovered I asked Silent Smith to come into town and have his picture taken for the paper. This was exactly what he wanted. After posing for the flash-bulbs, I asked him to come across the street for a drink in a beer parlor. He was prompt to accept, for he had been talking for two hours and needed beer. Over the bar was one of those Anheuser-Busch prints of "Custer's Last Stand," probably the most famous barroom fixture in all the West. It prompted a natural query. I pointed to the picture. "Mr. Smith," I asked, "will you show us just where you lay for two whole days under the horse?"

"Certainly, young man," he said.

With great briskness he stepped around and behind the bar, peered briefly at the great picture, then lifted his cane and placed the end smack on a felled horse in the right foreground. "I was right there," he said evenly, "right there under *that* hoss." Then he returned to his place in front of the bar and politely blew the collar off another beer.

Silent Smith went on to other glories, in other papers, and still countless more beers, in Idaho, Montana and elsewhere. When hard up he would hire an empty store and give a lecture, to which the admission was ten cents. I never heard Smith give a formal lecture; but I paid half a dollar to look upon the 1948 version of Jesse James. He couldn't begin to stand up beside Silent Smith, the patient man who spent two days on the under side of a dead horse. I don't believe they grow them that good any more.

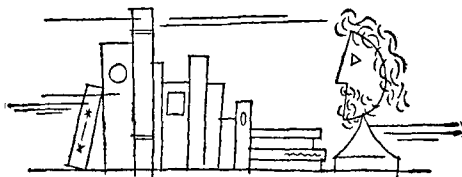
THE BECKONER

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

To be a child again, to wash the spirit
in morning, blended breath as fresh as air;
to see the train with shut eyes, then to hear it
from tucked-in places near the highest stair;
to journey not and yet go everywhere:

O let us keep this pool of youth, be near it
when years race wildly past us, blurred and faster;
though chaos strews our path, let us not fear it;
and, rising from the train-and-stream disaster,
let us hear whistles heard by one called Master.

THE LIBRARY



REFLECTIONS ON A SECULAR RELIGION

by NORMAN THOMAS

IN OUR whole world there is no more important problem than the nature and character, the strength and the weakness, of that disciplined international movement, that fanatical yet Machiavellian secular religion, called Communism. Its obedient disciples are everywhere and their masters, the men in the Kremlin, hold absolute power over what is potentially the mightiest nation in the world. And they are driven by their own creed to seek universal power.

Hence the importance of two recent books: Bertram D. Wolfe's *Three Who Made a Revolution: A Biographical History* [\$5.00, Dial], and Ruth Fischer's *Stalin and German Communism, A Study in the Origins of the State Party*, with a preface by Sidney B. Fay [\$8.00, Harvard University Press].

The first of these books deserves

the word "definitive," so loved and so abused by reviewers. In every respect it is magnificent: in the scholarly research that lies behind it, in its organization of detail, the ease of its style, and the clarity of the picture it gives of the rise of Bolshevism and of the men who made Communism what it is today. Mr. Wolfe's present volume stops with the beginning of the First World War and the promulgation of Lenin's seven theses against war. One eagerly awaits his next volume.

Mr. Wolfe is singularly successful in his combination of history and biography. Historic continuity is never broken by biography; rather it is illumined by tales of men to whom the author gives a flesh-and-blood reality about equally denied them by their disciples and their critics. And all this is done against a background of informed discussion of the Russian heritage.

The history of the men and the movement responsible for today's

NORMAN THOMAS, chairman of the Postwar World Council and six times the Socialist candidate for President, is the author of numerous books and magazine articles. His last contribution to the *MERCURY* was "Who Are the Liberals?," which appeared in November 1947.

Communism is, as a whole, not edifying. Unquestionably, Communism sprang from a genuine resentment against the stupidities and injustices of Tsarist tyranny. But its fathers, despite, or perhaps because of, their fanatical devotion to their own versions of Marxism, soon became absorbed in personal and ideological rivalries. In the struggles for power within their own little groups they were as completely destitute of ethical principle as they were later in governing a nation.

Mr. Wolfe's study confirms the fairly general view that of the three who made a revolution, the present dictator, Stalin, was intellectually the weakest, but great in his power of organization. Trotsky was the most brilliant and versatile. To me he has always seemed the most lovable — or should I say the least unlovable?

I found the amassing of evidence of the way in which Stalin is rewriting the history of his own early days in the Party very impressive. Here we discover a man in the act of making himself into a mythical hero. Fact is not permitted to cloud the official legend that Joseph Djughashvili was Lenin's earliest and most trusted collaborator.

But the author's obvious dislike of this process does not blind him to Stalin's capacity. He writes:

Deceived by Stalin's inept and awkward writing and lackluster public speech, Trotsky, in so far as he was compelled to notice his rival at all, set him down as "a gray and colorless mediocrity." As writer,

as orator, as theoretician, Stalin was and remains a mediocrity. But first as a subordinate part in Lenin's machine, then as an appropriator and transformer and enlarger of that machine, Stalin has few equals. Nineteen five and nineteen seventeen, the heroic years when the machine was unable to contain the flood of overflowing life, would bring Trotsky to the fore as the flaming tribune of the people, would show Lenin's ability to rise above the confining structure of his dogmas, and would relegate Stalin, the machine-man by antonomasy, to the background. But no people can live forever at fever heat, and when that day was over and Lenin was dead the devoted machine-man's day would come.

But it was Lenin without whom Communism in the form we know it could not have emerged. Whatever one's moral judgment of the man, his greatness stands unchallenged. One source of that greatness was his capacity to dedicate to revolution over a long and dreary period of years all his talents and aspirations, his every thought and action. Mr. Wolfe quotes Ignazio Silone's observation that Lenin's concentration upon this one thing made him a leader "in the same way that those who concentrate upon God become saints and those who live only for money become millionaires." The First World War gave him the opportunity without which he might have died comparatively unknown, but he had prepared himself to take the opportunity.

There was in Lenin's whole life an inflexible purpose of revolution to be achieved through the power of an élite in the name of the working

masses. However, he was not only flexible in tactics but inconsistent in the varying emphases which at different times he gave to democracy and dictatorship. He was a Westerner to a degree that Stalin was not. Eventually he became, as David Shub calls him, "a dictator without vanity," a title which Stalin never strove to earn.

Mr. Wolfe does not settle the fascinating problem of the degree to which Stalinism represents a mere logical development of Leninism, or is a degradation of it. That may come in subsequent volumes. Neither, if I may anticipate, does Ruth Fischer settle that question for us. Both books, especially Mr. Wolfe's, tend to support my own judgment that while Stalin definitely shaped Leninism for the worse, all the seeds of Stalinism were in Leninism. It was Lenin, not Stalin, who, as Mr. Wolfe points out, "literally turned Marx on his head until the Marxist view that 'in the last analysis economics determines politics' became the Leninist view that, with enough determination, power itself, naked political power, might succeed wholly in determining economics."

Orville Prescott, reviewing Mr. Wolfe's book in the *New York Times*, wrote: "The miracle of the Russian Revolution is that the hair-splitting doctrinaires, the emotional, loquacious, studious, impractical men who talked so much and wrote so much in their European exile, could have proved themselves such able and

ruthless men of action." Once I shared that opinion. But on reflection, Mr. Wolfe's story makes one understand that it was precisely the qualities of ruthless determination of his own ends and absolute faith in the adequacy of his own tactics, displayed by Lenin in the little world of pre-revolutionary politics, which, on the road to power, he was able to use effectively to give Communism its form. The condition of his success, of course, was the World War and Russia's collapse in it.

II

Miss Fischer's chief contribution to the general reader is her presentation of the way in which what she calls the Russian "State Party" achieved complete mastery over what was originally, in the purpose of its founders, essentially an international movement. The battleground, as Miss Fischer brings out, was in Germany in the years 1918 to 1926, and there was extraordinary interaction between events in Germany, in the Russian movement, and the Comintern.

Ruth Fischer at a very early age achieved prominence in the new Communist Party, first in Vienna, then in the far more important German Party. She rose to be first a leader of the left opposition in the Party, and after the fateful failure of plans for a revolutionary rising in 1923, she and Maslow became the elected chiefs of the Party. In 1926 both were expelled from the steering

committee of the Comintern and from the German Party itself as a direct result of their conflicts with Stalin's leadership.

Miss Fischer calls the period 1917-1923 "the period of revolutionary internationalism" in Communist theory and practice. But, as her story makes clear, even before Lenin was incapacitated in 1923, and Stalin began to emerge as dictator, the tendency in Moscow to shape Communist activity in Germany (and every other country) in accordance with the real or imagined interests of the Russian Soviet State was very strong.

For this reader, at least, Miss Fischer does not present as clear or irrefutable a history of her period as does Mr. Wolfe of the beginnings of Communism. Yet she has given other historians an invaluable mine of material and a point of view for interpreting it.

Indeed it would take another historian familiar with the field adequately to review Miss Fischer's careful work. She writes with unexpected objectivity of tangled events in which she herself, as a violently doctrinaire young Communist, had played so conspicuous a part. Consciously her book is history rather than an attempt at apology for her own life. As history it proves how completely false is any expectation that the Russian masters of Communism will willingly let it develop in other countries on divergent lines or make their movement genuinely

international in its controls. It also suggests to the thoughtful reader that an ultimate weakness of Communism may lie precisely in this attempt to enforce all over the world a rigid monolithic control primarily in the interest of the Soviet Union.

I wait expectantly to see what Mr. Wolfe in his continuation of the history of the Russian Revolution will have to say about the period which Miss Fischer covers. To read his book and hers is a little like reading the first and fourth acts of a five-act play. One has a general knowledge of the whole plot but one reads it with the second act (World War I) and the third (the Bolshevik Revolution) and the fifth (Stalin's dictatorship) omitted. Nevertheless, these books as they stand fortify certain conclusions of my own and raise some questions not easily answered.

III

Let us begin with the familiar inquiry, "What was Communism in origin and nature?" Are its sources to be found predominantly in the thinking of Marx or of Lenin? How far did the geography and history of Russia, beautifully summarized in Mr. Wolfe's first chapter, determine the nature of Communism? How far is it "Eastern," "Asiatic" or "peculiarly Russian?" To what extent was it the child of war, only made possible by war? What would have happened if Lenin had never been born, or if he had died, let us say, in Finland in the summer of 1917?

My own judgment is that Communism required all the factors we have mentioned: the Marxist movement, world war, the Russian heritage, and the personality of Lenin himself. I cannot, even to myself, offer a mathematical analysis of the proportionate contributions of these factors. All were necessary. Lenin profoundly modified Marxism rather than merely interpreted it, but he could not possibly have done what he did, practically or theoretically, without Marxism and the Marxist movement. And he was far more influenced than he realized by his Russian heritage. That heritage largely shaped his tactics and made them successful as they were not, for instance, when transferred to Germany — even a defeated Germany. It is questionable whether any reforms could have saved the old Russia or brought about its completely peaceful transformation, but the catastrophic crisis which gave Lenin his chance was by no means a rising of a worldwide working class, or even of the Russian people, against the capitalist system. It was breakdown in war. The First World War, to be sure, was capitalist in origin, but it was also the result of the extravagances of political nationalism. Lenin's insights into the nature of the war and imperialism were brilliant and penetrating but by no means infallible.

The first Russian Revolution, born of war, was made without Lenin and would have had a history without him or Trotsky or Stalin. Nevertheless,

they made it what it is. I agree with Sidney Hook that Nicolai Lenin was one of the very few men who were "heroes," that is, modifiers of history by sheer strength of personality and intelligence, in anything like the Carlylian sense.

On this interpretation, the Russian Revolution by no means supports the rigid mechanical theory of economic determinism in which its fathers professed to believe. The Revolution could not have been made without the breakdown caused by the war and by the confused revolt of the masses against continuance of the war. But, in its positive form, it was not and could not have been the automatic product of a working class which merely fulfilled its destiny under the materialistic dialectic.

Marx himself once observed that "man makes his own history," a conclusion which he often forgot. Lenin proved that *men*, a particular group of men, an élite, can, under favorable circumstances, seize power and within broad limits make history. He who at first shared the general Marxist belief that a socialist revolution was only possible in a nation in a certain stage of economic development, proved the contrary. Today it is a fairly safe guess that Stalinist Communism has a better chance in backward, miserably poor, economically undeveloped Asia, than in Western Europe, despite the ruin of World War II, and certainly than in the most industrially developed of all nations, the United States. Political power can master

modern technology and use it to a great extent in accordance with its own will.

What I have said adds up to a denial that men can have a science of social change or revolution in the sense that they have a science of physics or chemistry. Certainly not until we can remove or determine the element of human volition to a far greater extent than is now possible.

To say this is by no means to reject the need for a scientific approach to human conduct, to politics, economics and psychology. Still less is it to advocate a whimsical notion that *any* social change may be possible if strong men will it. There are, on the contrary, certain principles of human conduct strongly illumined by the rise and growth of Communism. Its history shows that many men love power at least as much as property; that "power corrupts and that absolute power corrupts absolutely"; that no dictatorship will ever voluntarily renounce power to the masses in behalf of whom they claim to exercise it; that so complex is our world and so interdependent that "social order becomes more important than social justice"; that men who start with a passion for something they call liberty are easily frightened by it or its consequences and seek to escape it by obedience to a leader; and, finally, that ruthless men can for a long time maintain their power if they are possessed of modern instruments of propaganda and of coercion, including concentration camps and torture.

IV

Even more important to my mind is the lesson that violent revolution, now that violence has the means to become total, is an impossible or exceedingly unlikely method of achieving democracy. Since 1914, war and revolution have been grimly bound together and both have achieved a totality of violent dominance over the lives of men of which no ancient conqueror could ever dream. We are caught in the tragic dilemma that in our social order or disorder violence apparently cannot be met except by counter-violence, and that the means which must be used frustrate or entirely defeat the end for which they are used. Two world wars by no means saved democracy, although the more democratic nations won them both. Lenin and Trotsky, if not Stalin, were, I think, sincere in their belief that they sought ultimately a free and democratic society. The means they used have all but obliterated the idea of freedom in their own Party and the land they mastered.

These considerations have tremendous significance for the democratic socialists. It will not be achieved automatically by the working of economic forces, nor can it be the gift of any élite. Economic arrangements are of the utmost importance to us in the management of such elementary problems as the provision of food, shelter, and the material comforts that our technology makes available. The good society, however, will never be

the mechanical result of the best economic arrangements. Its achievement requires a formulation in ethical and social terms of the characteristics that make it good, and then an intelligent discovery and use of the political and economic arrangements which will best serve those ends. Socialism cannot be Utopian in the sense that it may be born of wishful thinking divorced from all examination of economic and political realities. It will never be democratic unless it is Utopian in the sense that consciously it is inspired by ideals of freedom and justice and fraternity which have vital meaning for men. It will never be sufficient just to break old yokes, or to cast out the familiar devils of capitalism and nationalism. For the house thus swept and garnished, we must have ready other occupants lest the vacant rooms be taken over by devils seven times worse than those we have cast out.

It is sober truth in America that our democracy is imperfect and that we shall lose it unless we rapidly improve it. Democracy is vulnerable to a degree that dictatorship is not when it sins against its own standards. But in our country it is madness, criminal madness, in the pursuit of revolutionary change, to be willing to throw away or jeopardize the freedoms we have and the tolerance which, although less than fraternity, is still vastly preferable to the intolerance of fanaticism. It is logically absurd to talk about democracy without compromise because there can be no

democratic practice of government without compromise. And that will be true under whatever economic system we adopt. The question men must confront is what compromises are tolerable or desirable and what are betrayals of the good life we seek.

Tolerance as against intolerance, kindness as against cruelty, justice even to those to whom we do not wish to be just: these are more than means to some end. They are and ever will be of the essence of a good society. They will never be gained in a future paradise if they are sacrificed now as Communism sacrifices them. The revolution which will bring freedom, peace and plenty will never be a product of their systematic denial by professed revolutionists.

In no sense is what I have said a repudiation of the general socialist analysis of private or state capitalism or of our rampant nationalism, or of the desirable rôle of the workers — in the richest sense of that term — in building the future. But I am insistent that socialism cannot lose sight of ethics or believe the lie dear to Lenin's heart that there are no morals except to do that which advances the interest of the "working class" — a matter of which Lenin himself, in his own mind, was always the sole and sufficient judge. Democratic socialism is profoundly ethical in the ends it seeks, and must, therefore, be concerned with ethical standards in examining the means which it uses. The magnificence of Lenin's original dream was turned not alone by Stal-

in's "rudeness" — to use Lenin's own word — but by Lenin's own philosophy, into the mightiest and most totalitarian tyranny over every aspect of the lives of men that the world has ever seen. If Communism should win the world, the twilight of the west would become the midnight of the human spirit.

The real revolution is yet to be won, but democratic socialism with

all its shortcomings, in the Scandinavian countries and England, points the road as Communism does not. There is no glorious destiny inevitable for men. Change may be inevitable because of the failure of the old; it is not inevitably for the better. Man must work out his own salvation and, in the process, he must hold fast to that which is good while he seeks that which is better.

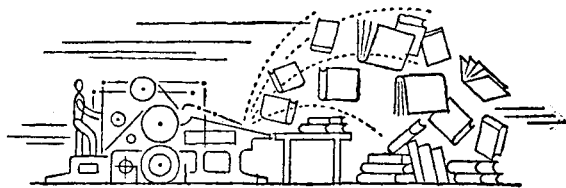
UNANSWERED

BY *LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS*

Letters from home. We used to skim the page
For news that grew increasingly remote,
A little patronizing of the sage
Advice, the too-familiar anecdote.
Main Street, those conclaves at the corner store,
What happened when the blizzard snowed them in —
Such small talk left us thinking more and more
How trivial words are, how they all wear thin.

Answers at last were few and far between.
The postman went his way, and what we found
Under the door was tiresomely routine:
"Your favor of the 10th received." "Drop round
For cocktails." Then one day a letter came
In a strange hand, signed by a stranger name.

THE CHECK LIST



HISTORY

THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI, by Benito Mussolini, edited and with a preface by Max Ascoli. \$3.00. *Farrar, Straus*. This *apologia pro vita sua*, written by the Duce as a series of newspaper articles in the months after he had been deposed, does not turn up much really fresh material, but it affords a new insight into the paranoid psychology of its author. Like Hitler in his last days, Mussolini felt that his decline was due less to any inherent weaknesses in the society he had built than to the treacherous conniving of those around him. In this case it was the "Italian monarchy and its accomplices" which were responsible for the defeat of Italy. Max Ascoli's prefatory essay shows the King as a "shrewd, cunning, mean little man" who was, however, too frightened of Mussolini and the Nazis to have engaged in open conspiracy; in the final analysis, the editor feels, it was the internal rottenness of the Fascist régime that led to Italy's breakdown.

ORDEAL BY FIRE, by Fletcher Pratt. \$5.00. *Sloane*. A new edition of Mr. Pratt's history of the Civil War, which had unfortunately fallen out of print shortly after its original publication in 1935. The author, like most students of the period, is a great admirer of Lincoln's political and strategic genius; at one point he even ventures to remark that the President "would have delighted Machiavelli." The emphasis is on the military history of the war, but Mr. Pratt is also a sophisticated student of the politics of that era, and his comments on the in-

flexibility of mind, intolerance and "interior disunity" that pervaded the Confederacy contribute a lot to an understanding of the South's defeat.

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE, by John H. Cramer. \$2.50. *Louisiana State University Press*. There is a legend that President Lincoln, some time in the middle of July, 1864, not far from Washington, was in the line of enemy fire, and that, on that occasion, Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes (later Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court) shouted at the President, "Get down, you fool!" There is grave doubt about the authenticity of this legend but it is so dramatic that it lingers on in the Lincoln literature and will doubtless never be wholly eradicated. Mr. Cramer rehearses the available evidence, and makes of it an interesting, if somewhat overwritten, story.

THE CITY AND THE CATHEDRAL, by Robert Gordon Anderson. \$3.50. *Longmans, Green*. The moving force of the thirteenth century, as Mr. Anderson cheerfully makes clear, was religious devotion, zeal, and sometimes even fanaticism. Out of love for the Church, Louis IX gave up his life in the Crusade, Thomas Aquinas wrote his great *Summa Theologica*, the Cathedral of Notre Dame was built, and scholars, craftsmen, architects and Kings gave themselves over to religion wholeheartedly. In rejoicing at the achievements of the thirteenth century, and implying that we modern skeptics might do well to imitate it, Mr. Anderson unfortunately has succumbed to verbosity

and sentimentality. The product at times is literary indigestion.

BIOGRAPHY

THE CASE OF EZRA POUND, by Charles Norman. \$1.50. *Bodley Press*. This little book probably contains most of the important facts about the sad case of Ezra Pound, a poet of tremendous gifts but also a good deal of a fool in the realms of economics and politics. He broadcast for Mussolini during the war, and the United States government inaugurated treason proceedings against him, but on the advice of a board of doctors the Federal court found him of "unsound mind" and he is at present in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C. Mr. Norman reviews Pound's life and work intelligently and he also incorporates remarks by E. E. Cummings, William Carlos Williams, Louis Zukofsky, F. O. Matthiessen and Conrad Aiken.

THE YOUNG HENRY ADAMS, by Ernest Samuels. \$4.50. *Harvard*. Here is a painstaking study of Adams' college years, the period as secretary to an ambassador father, the grand tour, the semesters as youthful professor of history at Harvard. We encounter him in the vicissitudes of the Civil War, lending his prestige and accomplishments to an important political journal, and helping to give impetus to the reform movements of the 1860s and 1870s. Mr. Samuels would have us see Henry Adams as a brilliant young idealist, one of the unrecognized leaders of his age, a master of the art of politics. Whatever the merits of this estimate, Adams rarely emerges as a human being in the book. Instead, he appears to be a rather stuffy young man, with few flashes of humor and simplicity to rescue him from being a bore.

LAND OF MILK AND HONEY, by W. L. White. \$3.00. *Harper*. The biography of a young Soviet citizen who departed, with no regrets, from the Russian zone of Europe at the war's end, and managed to remain in the West despite the bullying of NKVD

agents outside the USSR. Although "Vasil Kotov" — the man's name was changed by Mr. White, for the usual reasons — was not a person of any eminence in the land he left behind, the story he has to tell is well worth listening to, if only because of the forceful demonstration that the impact of totalitarianism is felt even by the youngest and obscurest of Stalin's subjects: his father, mother and sister were all caught up in the network of forced labor camps, and even his young love affairs were warped and twisted by the ideological demands of the Communist Party. A neat job of biography.

"YELLOW KID" WEIL, *The Autobiography of America's Master Swindler*, as told to W. T. Brannon. \$3.75. *Ziff-Davis*. This book is less an autobiography than an elongated feature story, atrociously written and organized. But the material is so intrinsically funny that Mr. Brannon's prose ceases to irritate after a while. The success of Mr. Weil's elaborate schemes for fleecing men in search of easy money — ranging from his sale of a money-making machine to his collections for phoney information on horse races — appears to indicate that crime, in his day at least, could be made to pay. A worthwhile bit of Americana.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE LAW OF THE SOVIET STATE, by Andrei Y. Vyshinsky. \$15.00. *Macmillan*. This ponderous tome was originally completed by Vyshinsky in 1938, just at about the time he was polishing off an assortment of Trotskyists, fascists, counter-revolutionaries and like enemies of humanity in the famous Moscow Purge Trials. Since then the work has become the standard Soviet text on the subject in all Russian universities and law schools, but this is the first time it has been presented in an English translation. For the most part, the book is a turgid, unreadable exegesis of the procedure supposedly followed under the Stalin Constitution, and of the privileges supposedly accorded those men and women fortunate enough to have

been born into a Marxist society. There is also a detailed examination of the deficiencies of legal processes in the West, and a good deal of more-or-less irrelevant rhetoric in dispraise of Stalin's various enemies.

PROFILE OF EUROPE, by Sam Welles. \$3.50. *Harper*. A sort of postwar edition of *Inside Europe*, which does not suffer by comparison with the original though it is less comprehensive. Mr. Welles, a foreign correspondent for *Time* magazine, writes from the perspective of a private-enterprise liberal; but he writes with sympathetic understanding of the semi-socialist governments of Western Europe, which, he believes, will be able to preserve their free institutions and (if there is no war) attain a fair degree of prosperity with the help of ERP. For the Soviet régime, to which half of this volume is devoted, he has, to put it mildly, rather less respect. Because of the devastation of the war, and also because of the natural inefficiency of totalitarianism, he does not think that the USSR can become industrially powerful until some time in the 1960s.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

LISTEN, LITTLE MAN! by Wilhelm Reich, with illustrations by William Steig. \$3.00. *Orgone Institute Press*. This slender volume appears to be Wilhelm Reich's answer to the moral uplifters who have, for twenty-odd years, been persecuting him for his extreme views on love and sex. The author's mood wavers between satire and outraged indignation, so that it is never quite certain just how seriously he means to be taken. It is clear enough, however, that he has a low opinion of the "little man," whom he regards as an emotionally frigid boor, consumed by self-hatred and tending to self-destruction. William Steig's drawings, which come perilously close to parodying the text at times, add a lot to the book. An interesting document.

GREEN MOUNTAIN FARM, by Elliott Merrick. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Elliott Merrick

has done what so many of his contemporaries vehemently promise themselves they will do at some far distant date; he has retired to a farm in New England and found the problem of existence far less complicated and infinitely more peaceful than he had ever imagined. This book has resulted from his love affair with Vermont, and he has written a lyric tribute to the simple life in which he literally revels. What his farm lacks in modern conveniences, it more than makes up in the opportunity it affords for using one's own hands and common sense, for welcome solitude and the resulting thought, for the observation of the wonders of the seasons. Here is a piece of work that charms; it is eulogistic, yet tastefully restrained; it is humorous, but finds its humor at no one's expense; it might be said to contain a moral, but it is far from didactic.

THE SCIENCES

A WAY OF LIFE, by Sir William Osler. \$1.50. *The Remington-Putnam Book Company*. This is a reprint of a celebrated lecture delivered by the famous Canadian-American physician to Yale students some fifty years ago. It is a plea for non-worrying, for cultivating "the habit of a life of Day-Tight Compartments," of concentrating on the good of each day, for "The future is today — there is no tomorrow." Coming from a quack such counsel can be quackery, but coming from a man of Sir William's scientific spirit and broad culture, it achieves real loftiness, and is inspiring in the truest sense. There is a brief introduction by Dr. John R. Oliver, another scientist who graced the Johns Hopkins University.

YOUR DIET FOR LONGER LIFE, by James A. Tobey, Dr. P.H. \$3.50. *Funk*. Dr. Tobey is an old and valued contributor to the *MERCURY*, and his clear and simple style of writing about medical and public health matters is well known. Here, in a small volume, he tells virtually all that is definitely known (in succinct form, of course) about the right way to reduce, the protecting foods,

what to do and not to do about constipation, the control of fatigue, the relationship of diet to reproduction, the value of foods of animal origin, the inadequacy of the vegetarian diet, and so on. There are questions and answers at the end of each chapter.

LITERATURE

THE MAXIMS OF MARCEL PROUST, edited with a translation by Justin O'Brien. \$3.00. *Columbia*. Professor O'Brien, the eminent Proust authority, has gone through the more than 4000 pages of *Remembrance of Things Past*, and culled 428 bits of philosophy, which he has arranged under the headings of Man, Society, Love, Art, and Time and Memory. The original French appears on the left-hand pages, and Dr. O'Brien's translation on the pages opposite. The volume should appeal to all lovers of maxims, for Proust was a master in this form of writing as well as in the realm of the novel. Some samples: "Those who practice the same profession recognize each other instinctively: likewise those who practice the same vice"; "The constancy of a habit is generally in direct ratio to its absurdity"; "The charms of the passing woman are usually in direct ratio to the speed of her passing"; "People who are not in love fail to understand how an intelligent man can suffer because of a very ordinary woman. This is tantamount to expressing surprise that anyone should be stricken with cholera because of a creature so insignificant as the comma bacillus"; "Each generation of critics does nothing but take the opposite of the truths accepted by their predecessors." At the end is an index of the sources of the maxims.

SELECTED POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON, with an introduction by Conrad Aiken. \$1.25. *Random House*. This reprint deserves special mention, for it is probably the best single-volume introduction to the work of Dickinson available anywhere. Mr. Aiken's foreword, in which he puts Dickinson "among the finest poets of the language," is comprehensive and superb.

FICTION

FOR US THE LIVING, by Haakon Chevalier. \$3.50. *Knopf*. Haakon Chevalier, long noted for his adroit translations of the works of such as Malraux, Aragon and Maurois, now ventures into print on his own with this, his first novel, and a thought-provoking one it is. He recreates the California of 1929-1941 and the discordant elements of people who helped make the political history of that area and time. An incongruous group of individuals is brought together because a man is murdered, a group which includes a liberal-minded university professor, his student disciple, a celebrated labor leader of the fruit regions of the Pacific, the emperor of these same fruit regions, a repressed German lusty for power, and the necessary beautiful girl. Three trials are held and three innocent people are acquitted, but with each attempt to find the culprit, communal interest in the crime grows stronger, and the basic forces which make and break governmental régimes are brought into play, so that what was heretofore a legal problem becomes part of the California political scene. Mr. Chevalier does well by his theme, though he writes in a somewhat anachronistic manner, reminiscent of the socio-economic tradition of Norris, Steinbeck, and a younger Sinclair.

BORN 1925, by Vera Brittain. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. The generation that was caught between two wars is always good novel material, and *Born 1925* is hardly the fruit of any startling new idea. Vera Brittain, known for her *Testament of Youth*, is again testifying here that the latest English crop must make its own peace with a world beset by the turmoil which results from the practice of men killing men in great numbers. The youth in point is Adrian Carbury, son of one of the most popular clergymen of the time, whose life was constantly shadowed by the brutality of war. The fundamental discord here involves Adrian and his father, a discord between the youth who looks too far ahead for the surcease of the world's ills, and the father who is held somewhat in the

bonds of tradition and simple Christianity. With maturity comes compassion and tolerance, and a unification of the two men separated by age. The tale is told with proper English reticence and subdual of emotion; it is readable though not very consequential.

THE HOLLOW OF THE WAVE, by Edward Newhouse. \$3.50. *Sloane*. If the last trumpet were to blow presently, a great lot of perturbed and uncertain people would be gathered before the judgment seat, and among them would surely be the characters of Edward Newhouse's new novel. He presents the supposedly sophisticated inhabitants of the metropolitan world, all thoroughly stymied by the problem of finding security, for despite their respective gifts of fortune, talent and beauty, they lack what is most important to them: anchorage. Larry Holland, the fabulously wealthy young man, his lovely wife, Neil Miller, the illegitimate son of a Communist, and their sundry associates who turn towards radicalism in a vague effort to keep up with the times, all drift along aimlessly without faith in anything, least of all themselves. A war comes and goes, making only a surface impression on them, and leaves them even more distraught in 1947 than they had been in 1941. They are a slick bunch, these people; they make *New Yorkerish* quips, devote themselves almost religiously to immorality, and finally fade away into complete insubstantiality.

THE ADVENTURE OF BLUE CARBUNCLE, by A. Conan Doyle. \$2.50. *The Baker Street Irregulars*. This is a very handsome reprint of a Sherlock Holmes adventure, edited with a bibliography by Edgar W. Smith, and containing an introduction by Christopher Morley. Mr. Morley's remarks are in his most felicitous manner. He says of this tale that it "is a far better work of art than the immortal *Christmas Carol*," and he refers to it as "this most kindly and unintentional of Christmas stories."

THE THREE BROTHERS, by Michael McLaverty. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Mr. McLav-

erty may know his middle-class Irish compatriots quite thoroughly, but he gives his readers only a surface acquaintance with them. This is the tale of three brothers, each of whom is endowed with the ability to crush every crumb of beauty from life. Bob is the veritable miser, almost Dickensian in his penny-pinching; D. J. is a degenerate wastrel, lacking the charm of the traditional family black sheep; John is a sober, industrious businessman absorbed in bettering the fortunes of his children. Mr. McLaverty does such a thorough job of dividing family loyalties for nearly two hundred pages that the reunion brought about by Bob's death at the end seems manufactured and false. The characters, for the most part, are drawn with a heavy hand, and they rarely emerge from their shells with any native vitality.

MISCELLANEOUS

ROMAIN ROLLAND'S ESSAYS ON MUSIC. \$5.00. *Allen, Towne & Heath*. This is a selection of sixteen essays on music, culled from five books by the French master. They deal with the works of Beethoven, Handel, Gluck, Wagner, Berlioz, Hugo Wolf, Mozart, Telemann and Lully, among others. They are uniformly magnificent. They are, indeed, among the finest pieces of musical criticism ever written. They are sympathetic, profound, learned, well-mannered and filled with a boundless love for the art of music-making. A grand volume for all musicians, both professional and amateur.

THE SINGLE FLAME, by Mae Winkler Goodman. \$2.00. *The American Weave Press*. This is a first collection of verses by a young poet whose work has appeared frequently in the magazines and newspapers. She is obviously in possession of the genuine poetical passion, as many of her lyrics reveal. It is also clear, however, that often she is satisfied with the first, fine flame of inspiration. She still has to learn that inspiration can be more "inspired" if worked on carefully and meticulously. But she is well worth reading.

THE OPEN FORUM



WHAT ARE THE BASIC ASSETS?

SIR: Mr. George Jean Nathan, writing in the December *MERCURY*, correctly refutes Thomas Weatherly's contention that, to be a theatrical success, a fledgling actress must possess "physical allure definitely above the average."

It is regrettable that recently a trend has set in wherein theatrical people supposedly "in the know" discourage youngsters simply because they lack one of the so-called basic assets necessary for achievement in the theatre.

Helen Hayes, writing several months ago in the New York Sunday *Times* drama section, concluded that not only is allure a requirement, but that height above five foot three is still another "must." Miss Hayes, one of the first ladies of the theatre, barely reaches five feet herself.

Although an "oomph" girl may be able to carry a million-dollar Hollywood turkey, I doubt that she can enrapture a more sophisticated Broadway audience in the course of a more exacting three-hour performance.

HARVEY GREENFIELD

Cambridge, Mass.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

SIR: In the October 1948 *MERCURY* the article on "Brooklyn, the 49th State," by Jack Gaver and Dave Stanley, refers to the "opening of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1893."

I feel certain that it was opened in 1883. I was only a young boy at the time. The parade went down Broadway, and President Chester A. Arthur was riding in an open carriage, on his way downtown to dedicate the Bridge. I walked over the Bridge, the next day, after the opening.

THOMAS A. WILEY

New York City

SIR: Of course the opening date was 1883. We've lost our carbon copy of the original manuscript, so that we have no way of knowing whether it was due to an error of ours in typing or to a printer's typo.

Mr. Wiley may not recall it, but if he saw President Arthur he probably also saw his successor in the White House at the same time, for Grover Cleveland, then Governor of New York, was also in the parade. And if Mr. Wiley crossed the bridge within the first 24 hours of its opening he was one of 250,000 who did so.

JACK GAVER and DAVE STANLEY

New York City

CRITICAL DISSENT

SIR: In the October "Soap Box" Mr. Frank O. Lowndes registers his disgust with certain literary critics' choices — from among contemporary critics — of literary immortals. He cites Hergesheimer, Cabell and Firbank as examples of such choices in the past. None of these three is, of course, popular now, and in the cases of Cabell and Firbank doubtless justifiably so.

I defy Mr. Lowndes, however, to find the major novels and short stories of Joseph Hergesheimer juvenile, silly, hollow or dreary in any sense of these (Mr. Lowndes') words. In *Java Head*, *The Three Black Pennys*, *Balisand* and *Wild Oranges* America has literature of a superior and enduring quality no matter what the vicissitudes of popular taste. . . .

R. H. WOODFORD

Buckhamton, W. Va.

MAKING OUT A CASE FOR MEN

SIR: Edith M. Stern's lament for "the miserable male," in the November issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, filled me with suppressed laughter. The laughter couldn't very well be boisterous, although it is said that laughing at oneself is highly medicinal. I laughed at myself, a miserable, male biped, and I also laughed at Miss Stern's humorous effort to be scathing. She has taken the most prized attributes of maleness for a one-way ride: as witness her acrimonious comments on his virility, good looks and intelligence. Man, she implies, is slowly, but irrevocably, assuming the characteristics of femaleness. What a horrifying augury of things to come! . . .

In fairness, however, it would be unwise to disagree with many of Miss Stern's animadversions. Their factual basis has been heroically provided by anthropologists and sociologists. She is right. Man does deserve chastisement. He has sinned grievously, and often. But, on the other hand, he has frequently, and without bitterness, laid down his life in defense of the honor and well-being of his women-folk. He has also passed laws, with and without her prompting, which guarantee her eventual emancipation from male dominance. Already, in the upper strata of society, at least, women are reputedly the custodians of the biggest moneybags in the U. S. Who awarded them that custodianship?

EDWIN F. DUDER

New York City

LITERARY CRITICISM

SIR: Mr. J. Donald Adams of the New York *Times* and Mr. George Sokolsky of the New York *Sun*, and occasionally others, have written in part upon the topic of recent and current writing and publishing; but none, for the same reason as yours, would print documented statements, honestly placing the blame upon the Book and Magazine Publishers.

I recently wrote to Mr. Sokolsky, citing un-American writing in *Avon Fantasy Magazine*, Issue Six, calling Colonial Americans illiterates, degenerates and primitives. However, he declined to reply to me, much less further expose that magazine.

I have also recently written Mr. Adams reproaching him for excusing, in the August MERCURY [see "Reporting Vs. the Art of Fiction"], for Fraternal Reasons, the Publishers who *paid* Editors to *accept* un-American stuff.

And when an "Adams" can overlook un-American Sinclair, Maurois, Santayana, Ehrenbourg, Adamic, Rand, Aldanov, Davies, Kingdon and Kravchenko, and "knock" Farrell, Dreiser & Lewis, and you *publish* that *rubbish*, then, something smells bad.

You say you'd "like" a *documented* appraisal of NAM, but you decline a *documented* exposé of un-American publishers. *That* is gross hypocrisy!

Of course you can *not* commit yourselves, on *That!!* You sneaking, un-American RAT!!

HOBART ADAMS DALLEY

New York City

IN DEFENSE OF POETS

SIR: In the December MERCURY you write [in the "Soap Box"], "Strangely enough, the United Nations has failed to make much impression upon American poets. During the past two years we have received less than a dozen verses, in praise of, or in denunciation of, the UN."

You may be interested to know that the largest prize offered in the Arlene Carter Poetry Contest, 1948 — on the subject of

World Harmony — was won by Goldie Capers Smith for her sonnet, "Invocation for the Security Council." This contest is held each year by the Poetry Society of Texas. The sonnet will soon be published in the *Yearbook* of the Poetry Society of Texas. Mrs. Smith wrote her sonnet after attending a session of the UN.

MARY V. LEECH

Tulsa, Okla.

MORE ON WHAT JESUS LOOKED LIKE

SIR: As I read Alan Devoe's article, "Jesus and Little Lord Fauntleroy," in your November issue, I wondered why the author so completely failed to suggest that Jesus probably dressed like other Jews of his time, and wore the same sort of beard as his fellow-Hebrews. I wondered why the portrait, which the author so sharply criticizes, gives Jesus the appearance of a blond Nordic — with a facial expression rarely found among the Jewish people.

Could it be that the Church, which so extensively uses this portrait, has deliberately chosen to soft-pedal the fact that Jesus was a Jew? . . . I suggest that Mr. Devoe's idea be carried out. Such a revised portrait as he advocates would do much to promote religious tolerance; or at least, it would soften blows frequently hurled at the people from whom Jesus came.

SOL BLUMROSEN

Detroit, Mich.

SIR: Here's an item for Alan Devoe, who says he is against the neurotic art that pictures the Son of God as a sort of early-day Lord Fauntleroy.

I attended Sunday School just one time. It was a Mormon Sunday School, and the lesson for that day was: Be not merely good — be good for something. The man teacher, using Jesus as an example, told us how the holy child was apprenticed in His father's carpenter shop, and how, by long and hard and conscientious labor, He finally became the best carpenter in all the country round

about. "Why, boys and girls, it was no trick at all for the Master to take a plane in His strong, skillful hands and curl off a six-foot shaving."

So when, like Devoe, I get fed up with Nazarene art I turn again to this boyhood picture, and watch a bearded man at a sunlit bench, His brow glistening with sweat and his brawny forearms powdered with sawdust, as He shapes a rough timber into something that will be beautiful and straight and true.

TOM HUGHES

Banning, Cal.

WYOMING

SIR: Lest your readers get a wrong, one-sided picture of Wyoming from the brief note in the "Soap Box" for December, I humbly submit this letter.

I don't think that "Horatio," your correspondent, contacted many people in Wyoming because of his hasty conclusions as to the intelligence and literacy of the people.

Let me quote from the *World Book Encyclopedia*, Volume 18: "The success of the state educational system is demonstrated by the fact that Wyoming has one of the highest literacy rates in the U. S. The Selective Service Commission reported to Congress in 1943 that, of one million men rejected for military service in World War II because of illiteracy, not one was from Wyoming." Also: "Library service is available to 99 per cent of the people of Wyoming."

Personally, I know of T. S. Eliot, and I'm thoroughly acquainted with the works of Thomas Mann, with the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the New York Times Book Review Section, and many other books and magazines that "Horatio" might consider indispensable.

If "Horatio" ever drops around Evanston (one of the "major cities" of Wyoming), I wish he would call on me. I'd like to meet him, and if he has some good books I'll probably buy some.

FRANK HAROLD WIRIG

Evanston, Wyo.

SIR: "Horatio," in the December *MERCURY*, has worked himself into quite a dither. This character wants to cede Wyoming to Canada, or just to give it away. Let me tell you what he is mad about. Not one person in Wyoming, he says, has he met who has heard of T. S. Eliot or read *The Magic Mountain*. Moreover, the demand for the *Nation*, the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *Yale Review* is practically nil. And Mercy! Not one Wyomingite subscribes to an English paper!

Perhaps "Horatio," who seems to be some sort of traveling book-salesman, finds it hard to make a living among a sturdy people who have the independence to make their own selection when it comes to recreation, entertainment or education. I suggest that he add a few comic books to his list. They're not so bad as the clucking against them would indicate.

Before he cedes the state to Canada because of cultural deficiencies may I suggest that he consider the value of its irrigated farms, its cattle, sheep, coal, oil, silver, gold, iron, copper and bentonite; to say nothing of potential waterpower.

And let him stroll through the University of Wyoming at Laramie; he may run across a few natives who can read and write.

Of course he is only kidding.

VICTOR GEOFFRION

Forest Hills, N. Y.

SIR: Believe it or not, Horatio, I, a Wyomingite, read your letter in the December issue of the *MERCURY*, in which you suggested that Wyoming be ceded to Canada in exchange for Toronto or Quebec, or just given away free, because you have never met a fellow-citizen of mine who had read *The Magic Mountain*, the *Nation*, the *Saturday Review of Literature* or the *Yale Review*.

It must be baffling to you why a barbarian Wyomingite happens to subscribe to this fine magazine, but it's the truth, and I didn't mistake it for a comic book either. I read the *MERCURY* because I enjoy its fine range of information, and not to make a favorable impression on people. . . .

Your range of observations and analysis is remarkable for one person. I'm sure you should stop trying to sell books and open up a one-man public opinion poll. But until you do, you read what you like and let us in Wyoming read what we like, such as the Holy Bible.

BILL K. PATE

Sheridan, Wyo.

SOME FACTS ABOUT BOB JONES UNIVERSITY

SIR: My attention has been called to an article by Mr. William Hines which appeared in the December 1948 issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, the title of which is "The Fresh-Water Colleges." I note with interest Mr. Hines' statement concerning Bob Jones University, of which I am the founder, though, by the way, I did not, as Mr. Hines says, name the institution for myself. I hope Mr. Hines in his present position as Assistant Chief of News in the Department of the Army will be more accurate in his releases concerning the Army than he is concerning the institution of which I happen to be the founder.

Many of your readers know that I am not what is generally known as an itinerant tent evangelist. I have conducted very few religious services in tents. I have, however, been out in the evangelistic field for a great many years; and my work has taken me to all the states and to many foreign countries. It so happens that I have preached to more people face to face than any other living man and, therefore, have a pretty good idea of what is going on throughout the religious world.

In my wide experience, I have found that there is an idea in the minds of a great many people, and it seems to be in the mind of Mr. Hines, that a man cannot believe in what is usually called the "old-time religion" unless he has dirty fingernails, a greasy nose, baggy pants, and refuses to shine his shoes. I have found many thousands of young people in the best families in many parts of the world who are conservative in their religious

views and who are also greatly interested in the fine arts. They wish, however, to pursue their studies in the fine arts in a Christian atmosphere rather than a bohemian atmosphere; so I decided to found a conservative Christian school with high academic standards and offer music, speech and art without any additional cost above academic tuition. As far as I know, we are the only liberal arts educational institution in America that does this.

We have matriculated this year more than 2700 young people that come from practically every state and 25 foreign countries. Bob Jones University, when it was Bob Jones College and located in Cleveland, Tennessee, had every year more students from New York and Massachusetts than it had from Tennessee. We have this year 233 students from Pennsylvania and 227 students from Michigan and 77 from California and 199 from Illinois. So when you say that Bob Jones University is a "hillbilly" school and imply that it has a special appeal to just mountaineers of the South, you cause a smile to come over the faces of our cultured students and other friends who know the cultural emphasis of this Christian institution.

You might be interested to know that in our institution we have no "hillbilly" music and no jazz of any kind. Our emphasis is on classical music. In our speech department, the only plays that we give are Shakespearean plays.

You might be interested to know that among the approximately one hundred members of our Board of Trustees are a governor, a former governor, one United States Senator, one former United States Senator, two well known Congressmen, two state Superintendents of Education, a former state Superintendent of Education, a prominent Canadian minister of the Gospel, a prominent well known Premier of a Canadian province, and a number of representative ministers and laymen in all sections of America.

This is the second time your AMERICAN MERCURY has spoken contemptuously of our

educational institution, though the first time you did not use the name of the school. Now, if you would like to know something about the cultural emphasis of the institution, and if you have a fair-minded reporter connected with your staff, you might send him down here and get first-hand information about the type institution that Mr. Hines calls a "hillbilly" school.

Mr. Hines, who speaks of Bob Jones University as a "hillbilly" institution, ought to attend some of the operas and dramatic programs in our auditorium, which is probably one of the best-equipped and most attractive auditoriums on any university campus in America. He should be here next week when our students present *Il Trovatore* with five well-known singers, three of whom are Metropolitan Opera stars, taking the leads.

BOB JONES

Greenville, S. C.

SIR: In kindly forwarding me a copy of the letter reproduced above, Dr. Jones included a private communiqué in which he took me additionally to task, and for good measure stuffed into the envelope a spate of literature apparently designed to convince me that Bob Jones University is the Koh-i-noor in the nation's educational diadem. I regret that Dr. Jones should have spent \$.33 for postage with so little result.

Many and detailed are Dr. Jones' denunciations of me and my statements. But they remain denunciations, and not refutations. Let us examine them one by one.

(1) That Dr. Jones did not name the college after himself. This is not in line with the information I have obtained from several independent sources.

(2) That "itinerant tent preacher" is an inaccurate description of Dr. Jones. In the letter above he says he has conducted *very few* services in tents. But how many medals of honor does a man have to earn before he qualifies as a hero, or how many two-dollar bills a woman before she is labeled a prostitute? That Dr. Jones (by his own admission) has preached in tents and that he

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has spread the Word in almost all states would seem to justify both the adjective "itinerant" and the descriptive term "tent preacher."

(3) That I appear to believe that Fundamentalists as a group are unwashed and unlettered. It would be neither justifiable nor stylish for me to admit to a belief so smacking of religious intolerance. It does seem to be a fact, nevertheless, that Fundamentalism is more often met in rural than in urban districts.

(4) The implication that I favor a "bohemian" atmosphere for college undergraduates. This was not implied in my article; most fresh-water colleges (most emphatically including Guilford) are about as bohemian as ham hocks and turnip greens.

(5) That 2700 students now attend BJU and that they come from nearly every state. This serves to bolster my point that many prewar small colleges have grown far beyond their optimum size. Is there not the possibility in BJU's phenomenal growth that many students are there because they were unable to gain admittance to the Harvards and the Columbias — yes, and the Guilfords — of the nation? I note between Dr. Jones' figures and mine an increase of 35 per cent in the student body. Where did the vitally needed additional staff and faculty come from? Out from under tarpaulin, undoubtedly.

(6) That it is of interest (and presumably of significance) that some prominent men are on the BJU Board of Trustees. This is hardly more surprising than that virtually every educational institution in the country has its Front Man (or Men) — like E. R. Stettinius, Jr., "rector" of the University of Virginia.

(7) That **THE AMERICAN MERCURY** has spoken contemptuously of BJU on two occasions. Solely because I should like to read the other reference, would it be possible to get an exact citation?

(8) That I lack fair-mindedness. My first contact with the Bob Jones College-University was early in my tenure as a feature writer for the Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Times*. What with the feudin' Tomlinsons, the Church of God and the generally high level

of uproariousness in Cleveland I had repeated additional opportunity to form unemotional opinions of the then Bob Jones College. In preparing the December article I went to considerable pains to check with informed persons for the continuing validity of my views and the facts at my disposal. If by "fair-minded" Dr. Jones means someone who will agree with his statement (in his letter to me) that "it is a school that probably puts more emphasis on culture than any other educational institution in America," perhaps the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY had better find such a person and put him on the next train to Greenville, S. C.

WILLIAM HINES

Arlington, Va.

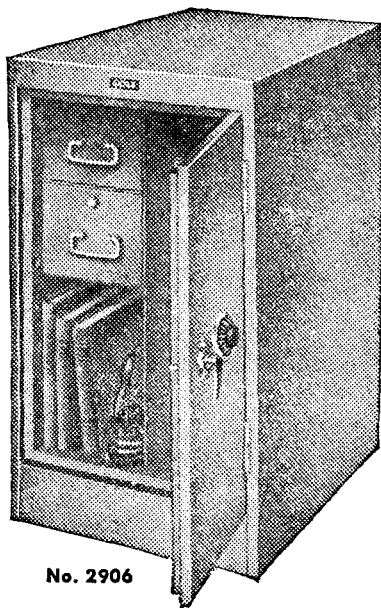
SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

SIR: In the December MERCURY Irving Brant [see "Church and State in America"] says that the United States Supreme Court ruled the teaching of religious classes in the public schools of Springfield, Illinois, unconstitutional. Actually, the case arose in the public schools of Champaign, Illinois, not Springfield. Mrs. Vashti McCollum, the plaintiff in the case, lived in Champaign and her husband taught at the University of Illinois. The case reached the Illinois Supreme Court, which meets at Springfield, the state capital.

The state Supreme Court upheld the teaching of religion in the public schools of Champaign. It did this in spite of Article VIII, Section 3, of the Illinois Constitution, which states that no "school district shall ever make any appropriation or pay from any public fund whatever anything in aid of any church or sectarian purpose or to help support or sustain any school controlled by any church or sectarian denomination whatever." How the honorable judges of the Illinois Supreme Court could read constitutionality into the Champaign practice, by means of the article just quoted, is quite a puzzle.

LLOYD L. HARGIS

Mount Pulaski, Ill.



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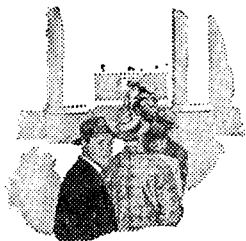
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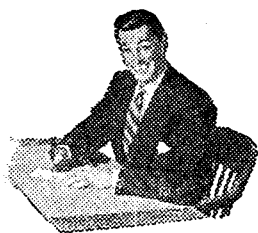
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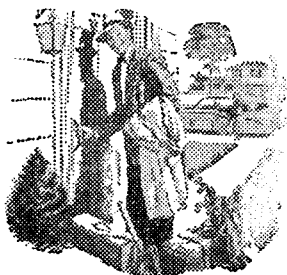


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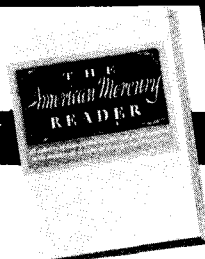
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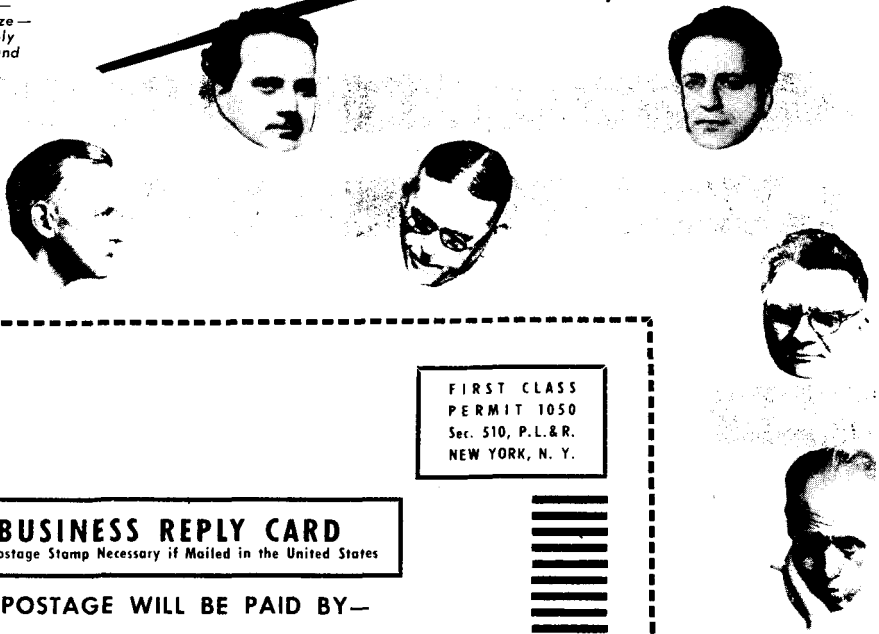
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